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MARY STUART

QUEEN OF SCOTS

BY

A. DE LAMARTINE

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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

No apology is needed for offering to the public a new biographical sketch of Mary Queen of Scots. To Scottish or English, or even to French students of history, the subject is one of romantic and surpassing interest, over which, as indeed over all else, genius can ever shed a new and unfading light.

It may be remarked that the present is the only work of M. de Lamartine which has appeared solely in an English form, having been expressly translated from the original unpublished MS.

As for the attempts to translate into English verse the quaint and beautiful lines of Ronsard, and of Mary herself, which are interspersed throughout the volume, it is hoped that any artistic imperfections will be passed over in consideration of their true interpretation of the originals.

J. M. H.

PARIS *April*, 1859.

MARY STUART,

QUEEN OF SCOTS.

I.

If another Homer were to arise, and if the poet were to seek another Helen for the subject of a modern epic of war, religion, and love, he would beyond all find her in Mary Stuart, the most beautiful, the weakest, the most attractive and most attracted of women, raising around her, by her irresistible fascinations, a whirlwind of love, ambition, and jealousy, in which her lovers became, each in his turn, the motive, the instrument.

and the victim of a crime; leaving, like the Greek Helen, the arms of a murdered husband for those of his murderer; sowing the seeds of internecine, religious, and foreign war at every step, and closing by a saintly death the life of a Clytemnestra; leaving behind her indistinct memories exaggerated equally by Protestant and Catholic parties, the former interested in condemning her for all, the latter in absolving her from all, as if the same factions who had fought for her during her life had resolved to continue the combat after her death! Such was Mary Stuart.

That which a new Homer has not yet done in poetry, a sympathetic historian, M. Dargaud, enlightened by the researches of other learned writers, has recently achieved in his history of the Queen of Scots. It is from the extremely interesting documents collected by M. Dargaud, that we shall now recompose—

though frequently in a different spirit—that fair figure, and give a rapid sketch of a great picture.

II.

MARY STUART was the only daughter of James V., King of Scotland, and of Marie de Lorraine, daughter of the Duke of Guise. She was born in Scotland on the 7th December, 1542. Her father was one of those adventurous, romantic, gallant, and poetic characters who leave behind them popular traditions of bravery and of licentiousness in the imagination of their country, like Francis I. and Henry IV. of France. Her mother possessed that genius, at once grave, ambitious, and sectarian, which distinguished the princes of the House of Guise, those true Maccabees of Popery on this side the Alps.

James V. died young, prophesying a mournful destiny for his daughter, yet in

her cradle. This prophecy was suggested by his misgivings regarding the fate of a child, delivered up, during a long minority, to the contentions of a small kingdom torn by feudal and priestly factions, and coveted by a neighbor so powerful as England. Protestantism and Catholicism had already embittered their dissentions with the fanaticism of two hostile religions defying each other face to face. The dying king had, after long hesitation, adopted the Catholic policy, and proscribed the Puritans. M. Dargaud sees in this policy of James V. the cause of the ruin of Scotland and of the misfortunes of Mary, and at first sight we were tempted to think as he does. After a closer view, however, and on a consideration of the general political situation of Europe, and more particularly of Scotland, perhaps the Catholic party adopted by the king might have been safest for that country, if, indeed, Scotland could

have been saved by state measures. It was not the Catholicism of Mary Stuart that proved fatal to Scotland; it was her youth, her levity, her loves, and her faults.

III.

WHERE, in fact, lay the true and permanent danger for Scotland? In the neighborhood, the ambition, and the power of England. Had Scotland at once become Protestant, as England had been since the time of Henry VIII., one of the greatest obstacles to her absorption by England would have disappeared with the difference of religion. Catholicism was therefore esteemed a part of Scottish patriotism, and to destroy it would have been to tear their native country from the hearts of the Catholic portion of the people.

Moreover, Scotland, ceaselessly men

aced by the domination or invasions of England, stood in need of powerful foreign alliances in Europe to aid her in preserving her independence, and to furnish her with that moral and material support necessary to counterbalance the gold and the arms of the English. What were these continental alliances? France, Italy, the Pope, Spain. Scotland lived by such imposing protection; there lay her friendships, her vessels, her gold, her diplomacy, her auxiliary armies. Now all those powers—Italy, Spain, France, the House of Austria, the House of Lorraine, had adopted the Catholic cause with fanaticism, as opposed to the new religion. The Inquisition reigned at Madrid, the St. Bartholomew already cast its shadow over France, the Guises, uncles of Mary, were the very *core* of that league which attempted to proscribe Henry IV. on suspicion of heresy. Community of religion, therefore, could alone

and at once interest the Pope, Italy, Austria, France, and Lorraine, to maintain with a strong hand the independence of Scotland. The day she ceased to become part of the great Catholic system established on the continent, she fell, having no ally left save her mortal and natural enemy—England. Looking at the political rather than the religious aspect of affairs under James V., an alliance with Protestantism was an alliance with death. M. Dargaud's reproach of the dying king, therefore, may be an error engendered by his uncompromising predeliction (which is also ours) for the cause of religious liberty. But religious liberty in Scotland at that time had no existence in either camp; parties attacked each other with equal ferocity, and Knox, the deadly foe of the Catholics, was not less intolerant than Cardinal Beatoun who proscribed the Puritans. Kings had only a choice of blood, for the fanatics of each

communion equally demanded that it should be shed. For Scotland, then, the question was purely a diplomatic one. In confiding his daughter to Catholic Europe, James V. may have acted the part of a far-seeing parent and king. If fortune betrayed his policy and his tenderness, it was the fault of his heir and not of his testament.

IV.

His widow, Mary of Lorraine, deposed from the regency by the jealousy of the nobles, reconquered it by her ability, and allowed the cardinals—the usual supporters of thrones at that period—to govern the kingdom under her. Her daughter was sought after by all the courts of Europe, not only because of her precocious renown for genius and beauty, but also, and principally, for the purpose of acquiring, by marriage with

her, a right to the Scottish crown,—an acquisition strongly coveted by the wearers of other crowns. After a journey to Lorraine and France to pay a visit to her uncles, the Guises, the Queen determined, by their advice, to marry her daughter to the Dauphin, son of Henry II.

Diana of Poitiers, the Aspasia of the age, had ruled Henry II. for twenty years, as much by the love she bore him, as by the affection with which he regarded her; we know not, in fact, which of the two, the king or his mistress, may be said to have possessed the other, such a miracle of tenderness was the witchcraft of this passion of a young king and a woman of fifty. The Guises cultivated the friendship of Diana of Poitiers for the purpose of governing the League.

The Queen-Regent of Scotland left her child-daughter in the chateau of St. Germain, to grow up under their protection in the atmosphere of that France over

which she was destined one day to reign. "Votre fille est crue, et croit tous les jours en bonté, beauté et vertu," writes the Cardinal de Lorraine, her uncle, to the Queen, his sister, after her return to Edinburgh, "le roi passe bien son temps à deviser avec elle. . . . Elle le sait aussi bien entretenir de bons et sages propos comme ferait une femme de vingt cinq ans." "Your daughter has grown much, and continues to grow every day in goodness, beauty, and virtue. . . . The King passes much of his time in amusing himself with her. . . . She also knows well how to entertain him with wise converse, like that of a woman of five-and-twenty."

The learned and Italian education of the young Scottishwoman developed the natural gifts she possessed. French, Italian, Greek, Latin, history, theology, poetry, music and dancing, were all learnt and studied under the wisest masters and

greatest artists. In the refined and voluptuous court of the Valois, governed by a favorite, she was brought up rather as an accomplished court lady than as a future Queen; and her education rather seemed to fit her for becoming the mistress than the wife of the Dauphin. The Valois were the Medici of France.

V.

THE poets of the Court soon began to celebrate in their verses the marvels of her beauty and the treasures of her mind—

"En votre esprit, le ciel s'est surmonté,
Nature et art ont en votre beauté,
Mis tout le beau dont la beauté s'asemble!"

"The gods themselves excelled, in framing thy fair mind,
Nature and art in thy young form their highest powers combined,
All beauty of the beautiful to concentrate in thee."

writes du Bellay, the Petrarch of the time.

Ronsard, who was the Virgil of the age, expresses himself, whenever he speaks of her, in such images and with such delicacy and polish of accent, as prove that his praise sprang from his love—that his heart had subjugated his genius. Mary was evidently the Beatrix of the poet.

"Au milieu du printemps entre les lis naquit
Son corps qui de blancheur les lis mêmes vainquit,
Et les roses, qui sont du sang d'Adonis teintes
Furent par sa couleur de leur vermeil dépeintes,
Amour de ses beaux traits lui composa les yeux,
Et les graces qui sont les trois filles des cieux
De leurs dons les plus beaux cette princesse ornèrent
Et pour mieux la servir les cieux abandonnèrent."

In fullness of the springtide, from among the lilies fair,
Sprang forth that form of whiteness, fairer than the lilies there.
Though stained with Adonis' blood, the gentle summer rose
Lies vanquished by the ruby tint her cheeks and lips disclose.

**Young Love himself, with arrows keen, hath armed
her peerless eye,
The Graces too, those fairest three, bright daughters
of the sky,
With all their richest, rarest gifts, my princess have
endowed,
And evermore to serve her well have left their high
abode.**

"Notre petite reinette Ecossaise," said Catharine de Medici herself, who looked upon her with distaste, "our little Scottish queenling has only to smile in order to turn all the heads in France!"

Neither did the child love the Italian Queen, whom, in her girlish scorn for the low-born house of Medici, she called "that Florentine marketwoman." Her predilections were all in favor of Diana of Poitiers, who seems to have educated in her a daughter, a future competitor in beauty and empire. Diana cherished besides, in the young Scottishwoman, a rival or possible victim of that Queen Elizabeth of England whom she detested,

and whose power Mary had not yet felt. The proof of this is to be found in a curious letter written by Diana of Poitiers, and communicated in autograph to the historian we are following.

"To Madame, my good friend, Madame de Montaigne.

"I have just been told about the poor young Queen, Jane Grey, beheaded at the age of seventeen, and cannot help weeping at the sweet language of resignation she spoke at the hour of her death. For never have we seen so gentle and accomplished a Princess, and yet she must perish under the blows of the wicked. When are you coming to visit me, my good friend? I am very desirous of your presence, which would console me in all my sorrows, whatever they may be, that arise and weigh so heavily on me, turning every thing into evil. Sometimes these become annoying to

such a degree, as to make one believe that an abyss lurks in high places. The courier from England has brought me many fine dresses from that country, which, if you come soon to see me, will have a good share in inducing you to leave the place where you are, and make active preparations for staying some time with me, and orders will be given that you shall be provided with every thing. Do not pay me off then with fine words or promises, for I would press you in my arms to assure myself the more of your presence. Upon which I pray God very devoutly that he may keep you in health according to the desire of

"Your affectionate,
to love and to serve,
"DIANA."

This letter, this pity, and the fine expression "an abyss in high places," prove that the witchery of Diana lay in her

genius and in her heart as much as in her fabulous beauty.

The sudden death of Henry II., killed in a tournament by Montgomery, sent Diana to the solitary Château of Anet, where she had prepared her retreat, and where she grew old in tears. The young Mary of Scotland was crowned with her husband, Francis II., who was even more a child in mind and in weakness than in age. The Guises reaped what they had sown in advising this marriage; they reigned through their niece over her husband, and through the king over France. They had the boldness to proclaim publicly their pretensions to the inheritance of the Scottish crown, by emblazoning the arms of the two nations on the escutcheon of the young Queen. They testified their attachment for the cause of the Pope by the murder of the Calvinist Anne du Bourg, a heroic confessor of the Protestant faith. "Six feet

of earth for my body, and the infinite heavens for my soul, is what I shall soon have," cried Anne du Bourg, at sight of the scaffold, and in presence of her executioners. Mary Stuart, in whose veins flowed the fanatical blood of her mother, took a bitter sectarian delight in the execution of these heretics by her uncles.

This reign only lasted eleven months; France lost the phantom of a king rather than a master, and barely granted him royal obsequies. Mary alone sincerely mourned him as the mild and agreeable companion of her youth rather than as a husband. The verses which she composed in the first months of her widowhood neither exaggerate nor lessen the sentiment of her grief; they are sweet, sad, but lukewarm as the first melancholy of the soul before the age of passionate despair.

"Ce qui m'estait plaisant
Ores m'est peine dure;

Le jour le plus luisant
M'est nuit noire et obscure.
. . . . .
Si en quelque séjour,
Soit en bois ou en prée,
Soit sur l'aube du jour
Ou soit sur la vesprée,
Sans cesse mon cœur sent
Le regret d'un absent.

Si je suis en repos,
Sommeillant sur ma couche,
L'oy qui me tient propos,
Je le sens qui me touche.
En labeur et requoy,
Toujours est près de moi."

"All that once in pleasure met,
Now is pain and sorrow;
The brilliant day hath quickly set
In night with dreary morrow.

Where'er I sojourn, sad, forlorn,
In forest, mead, or hill;
Whether at the dawn of morn,
Or vesper hour so still—
My sorrowing heart shall beat for thee,
This absent one I ne'er shall see!

When slumbering on my couch I lie,
And dreams the past reveal,
Thy form, beloved, seems ever nigh,
Thy fond caress I feel."

It was in a convent at Rheims, where she had retired to enjoy the society of the Abbess Renée of Lorraine, that she lamented so sweetly, not the loss of a throne, but the loss of love. Soon after, she heard of the death of her mother, the Queen of Scotland. A new throne awaited her at Edinburgh, and she prepared for her departure.

"Ah!" cries her poet and adorer, the great Ronsard, on learning the approaching return of the young Queen to Scotland—

"Comme le ciel s'il perdait ses étoiles
La mer ses eaux, le navire ses voiles
. . . . . .
Et un anneau sa perle précieuse
Ainsi perdra la France soucieuse
Son ornament, perdant la royauté.
Qui fut sa fleur, son éclat sa beauté!"

"Like to the heaven when starless, dark,
Like seas dried up or sailless bark,
Like ring its precious pearl gone,
Mourns France, without thee sad and lone.
Thou wert her gem, her flower, her pride,
Her young and beauteous royal bride."

"Scotland," continues the poet, "which is about to snatch her from us, becomes so dim in the mist of its seas that her ship will never reach its shores."

"Et celle donc qui la poursuit envain
Retournerait en France tout soudain
Pour habiter son chateau de Touraine
Lors de chansons j'aurais la bouche pleine
Et dans mes vers si fort je la louerais
Que comme un Cygne en chantant je mourais!"

"But she I've sought long time in vain,
May soon to France return again,
To dwell in castle of Touraine!
Then, full of song, my lips would try
To swell her praise, and sing till I,
Like fabled swan, might singing die!"

The same poet, when contemplating her dressed in mourning in the park of Fontainebleau some days before her departure, thus with a loving pen traces her image, blending it for ever with the beautiful shades of Diana of Poitiers and of Lavallière, which people, in imagination, the waters and woods of that exquisite spot.

"Un crespe long, subtil et délié,
Pli contre pli retors et replié,
Habit de deuil, vous sert de couverture
Depuis le chef jusques à la ceinture,
Qui s'enfle ainsi qu'un voile, quand le vent
Souffle la barque et la cingle en avant.
De tel habit vous estiez accoustrée,
Partant, hélas! de la belle contrée
Dont aviez eu le sceptre dans la main,
Lorsque pensive, et baignant votre sein
Du beau crystal de vos larmes roulées,
Triste marchiez par les longues allées
Du grand jardin de ce royal chasteau
Qui prend son nom de la beauté d'une eau."

"A long and slender veil of sable crape;
Its folds unfolding, ever folds anew;
The mourning symbol that enwraps thy shape
From head to girdle falls.
Now swelling to the wind, even as the sail
Of bark urged onward by the passing gale.
(Leaving, alas! this ever beauteous land,
Whose sceptre once was borne by thy fair hand;—)
Thus wert thou clad, when thou didst pensive stray
Along the royal garden's paths that day,
Bathing thy bosom with the crystal tears."

Who does not himself become a lover by reading the verses of such a poet? But love, or even poetry, according to

Brantôme, were powerless to depict her at this still progressive period of her life; to paint that beauty which consisted less in her form than in her fascinating grace; youth, heart, genius, passion, still shaded by the deep melancholy of a farewell; the tall and slender shape, the harmonious movement, the round and flexible throat, the oval face, the fire of her look, the grace of her lips, her Saxon fairness, the pale beauty of her hair, the light she shed around her wherever she went; the night, the void, the desert she left behind when no longer present; the attraction, resembling witchcraft, which unconsciously emanated from her, and which drew towards her, as it were, a current of eyes, of desires, of hearts; the tone of her voice, which once heard, resounded for ever in the ear of the listener, and that natural genius of soft eloquence and of dreamy poesy, which distinguished this youthful Cleopatra of

Scotland. The numberless portraits which poetry, painting, sculpture, and even stern prose have preserved of her, all breathe love as well as art; we feel that the artist trembles with emotion, like Ronsard, while painting. A contemporary writer gives a finishing stroke to these delineations by a simple expression, conveying the idea of a restoration of the feelings of youth to all who looked upon her, "Il n'y avait point de vieillard devant elle," cried he—"No man in her presence could feel old;" she could almost vivify death itself.

VI.

A CORTÈGE of regret, rather than of mere honor, accompanied her to the vessel which was to bear her to Scotland. He who appeared most grieved among the courtiers was the Maréchal de Damville, son of the Great Constable de

Montmorency; being unable to follow her to Scotland, on account of his official duties, he resolved to have a constant representative there in the person of a young gentleman of his household, Du Chatelard, by whom he might be daily gratified with a narrative of the slightest events, and, so to speak, of every breath drawn by his idol. Du Chatelard, unhappily for himself, fell madly in love with her to whom he was the accredited ambassador of another's love. He was a descendant of the Chevalier Bayard, brave and adventurous as his ancestor, a scholar and a poet like Ronsard, with a tender soul ready to be speedily scorched by such a flame. Everybody knows the touching verses written by Mary, through her tears, on the deck of the vessel, while the coast of France faded in the distance.

"Adieu, plaisant pays de France,
O ma patrie
La plus chérie,
Qui a nourri ma jeune enfance!
Adieu France, adieu mes beaux jours!
La nef qui disjoint nos amours,
N'a eu de moi que la moitié,
Une part te reste, elle est tienne,
Je la fie à ton amitié
Pour que de l'autre il te souvienne!"

"Farewell, thou ever pleasant soil of France,
Beloved land of childhood's early day!
Farewell my France, farewell my happy years!
Though from thy shores I now am snatched away,
Though still retainest half my loving heart,
The rest will ne'er forget thee though we part!"

On the 19th of August, 1561—the very day on which she completed her nineteenth year—Mary landed on Scottish ground. The lords who had governed the kingdom in her absence, and the Presbyterian part of the nation, witnessed her arrival with repugnance; they feared her presumed partiality for the Catholicism in which she had been brought up in the courts of the Guises and of Catherine

de Medici. Respect, however, for hereditary legitimacy, and the hope of being able to fashion so young a queen to other ideas, prevailed over these prejudices. She was escorted like a queen to the Palace of Holyrood, the dwelling of the Scottish monarchs at Edinburgh. The citizens of that capital expressed in mute language, a symbolic but conditional submission to her rule, presenting to her, by the hands of a child, the keys of the city, placed between a Bible and a Presbyterian psalm-book, on a silver platter. She was saluted Queen of Scotland on the following day, amid a splendid concourse of Scottish lords and of the French seigneurs of her family and suite. Knox, the Calvin of Scotland, the prophet and agitator of the popular conscience, abstained from appearing at this inauguration; he seemed desirous of making his submission as a subject depend on the fulfilment of the conditions expressed by

the appearance of the Bible and psalm-book on the silver platter. Knox was the Savonarola of Edinburgh; as overbearing, popular, and cruel as he of Florence, he stood alone between the people, the throne, and the parliament, as a fourth power representing sacred sedition, a power which claimed a place side by side with the other powers of the State; a man the more to be feared by the Queen, because his virtue was, so to speak, a kind of fanatical conscience. To become a martyr or to make martyrs for what he believed to be the cause of God, were to him indifferent. He was ready to give himself up to the death, and why should he hesitate to devote others to the scaffold?

Scarcely had the first Queen Mary been invested with the Regency, than he had fulminated against her a pamphlet, entitled "*First Blast of the Trumpet against the monstrous Regimen of Women.*"

"There was in the Lothians—one of the Scottish provinces—a solitary spot where Knox passed several hours every day. Under the shade of the nut-trees, leaning against a rock, or stretched upon the sward, near a small loch, he read his Bible, translated into the vulgar tongue; there he concocted his schemes, watching with anxiety for the propitious moment when they should explode into action. When tired of reflection and reading, he would approach nearer to the pool, seat himself on its banks, and crumble some bread to feed the moorfowl and wild ducks he had succeeded in taming."

Striking image this of his mission among men, which called him to distribute to them the Word—that Bread of Life! Knox loved that desert solitude on the banks of the little lake. "It is sweet," said he, "to rest there, but we must try to please Christ." To please Christ was, in the eyes of Knox, as in

those of Philip II. of Spain, or Catherine of Medici—to condemn his enemies.

VII.

THE young Queen, feeling the necesity of securing the good will of such a man, succeeded in attracting him to the palace. He appeared in his Calvinistic dress, a short cloak thrown over his shoulder, the Bible under his arm. "Satan," said he, "cannot prevail against the man whose left hand bears a light to illumine his right, when he searches the Holy Scriptures in the hours of night."

"I would," said the Queen, "my words might have the same effect upon you, as yours have upon Scotland; we should then understand each other, become friends, and our good intelligence would do much for the peace and happiness of the kingdom!" "Madam," replied the stern apostle, "words are more barren

than the rock when they are only worldly; but when inspired by God, thence proceed the flower, the grain, and all virtues! I have travelled over Germany; I know the Saxon law, which is just, for it reserves the sceptre for man alone, and only gives to woman a place at the hearth and a distaff!"—thus plainly declaring that he saw in her only a usurper, and that he was himself a republican of the Theocratic order.

The Queen, alarmed at the impotence of her charms, her words, and her rank on the mailed heart of fanaticism, wept like a child before the sectary; her tears moved, but did not discourage him; he continued to preach with wild freedom against the government of women and the pomps of the palace. The populace, already in a state of irritation, became still more excited by his words.

"The pupil of the Guises," he said to them, "parodies France; her farces, prod-

igalities, banquets, sonnets, masquerades . . . . . the paganism of the south invades us. To provide for these abominations the burgesses are taxed, the city treasuries pillaged; Roman idolatry and French vices will speedily reduce Scotland to beggary. Do not the foreigners brought over by this woman infest the streets of Edinburgh by night in drunkenness and debauchery?"

"There is nothing to be hoped for from this Moabite," he added. "Scotland might as well build upon clouds, upon an abyss, over a volcano. The spirit of caprice and of pride, the spirit of popery, the spirit of her accursed uncles, the Guises, is within her."

Repelled as she was from the heart of the people, she threw herself into the arms of the nobles. She confided the direction of the government to a natural son of her father, James V., who bore the name of the "Lord James," whom she

treated as a brother, and elevated to the rank of Earl of Murray. Murray was, by character and spirit, worthy of the confidence of his sister; young, handsome, eloquent like her, he was better acquainted with the country than she was; he had the friendship of the nobles, wisely managed the Presbyterians, had acquired the esteem of the people, and possessed that loyal ability, that skilful uprightness, which is the gift of great statesmen. Such a brother was a favorite given by nature to the young Queen, and, so long as he remained the only favorite, he made his sister popular by his government as by his arms. He led her into the midst of the camps, and she fascinated all by her charms and her courage; her address in horsemanship astonished her subjects; she was present at the battle of Corrichie, in which Murray vanquished the rebels, and killed the Earl of Huntly, their leader.

Once more mistress of pacified Scotland, Mary returned in triumph to Edinburgh. The moderate but pious Protestantism of Murray contributed to this pacification, by furnishing in his own person a pledge of toleration, and even of favor, for the new religion. Everything promised Mary Stuart a happy reign for herself and her kingdom, had her heart been devoted to nothing but state policy; but hers was the heart not merely of a queen, but of a woman accustomed to the court of France, and to the idolatry of her beauty professed by an entire kingdom. The Scottish nobles were not less enthusiastic than were those of France in this chivalric worship; yet to declare herself sensible to the homage of any one of her subjects would only have been to alienate all the rest by exciting their jealousy; but the politic watchfulness over herself with relation to the Scottish lords, which had been re-

commended by Murray, her brother and minister, was precisely that which ruined her. Unconsciously to herself, an obscure favorite insinuated himself into her heart; this favorite, so celebrated afterwards for his sudden elevation and tragical death, was named David Rizzio.

VIII.

Rizzio was an Italian of low birth and menial station. Gifted with a touching voice, a pliant spirit, which enabled him to bow before the great; possessing a talent for playing on the lute, and for composing and for singing that languishing music which is one of the effeminacies of Italy, Rizzio had been attached at Turin to the household of the French ambassador at the court of Piedmont in the capacity of musical attendant. On his return to France, the ambassador had brought Rizzio with him to the court of

Francis II., and he entered the suite of one of the French nobles who had escorted Mary to Scotland. The young Queen had begged him of this nobleman, that she might retain in the country where she was less a queen than an exile, one who would be to her as a living memory of the arts, leisure, and delights of France and Italy, those lands of her soul. A musician herself, as she was also a poet—charming frequently her sadness by composing words and airs in which she exhaled her sighs—the society of the Piedmontese musician became habitual and dear to her. The study of his art, and even the inferiority of Rizzio's condition, concealed for some time the assiduity and familiarity of this intimacy from the observation of the court of Holyrood.

Love for the art had unfortunately led to an undue preference for the artist. There is in music an attractive language without words, which unconsciously cre-

ates sympathy, and which gives the musician a powerful influence over the imagination of women of cultivated minds. The delicious, impassioned, or heroic notes of the voice or of the instrument seem to breathe a soul in unison with those sublime or touching chords. The music and the musician become, as it were, one. Rizzio, after having merely furnished her with amusement in times of sadness, ended by becoming her confidant, and her favor speedily became manifest to all. The musician, rapidly elevated by her from his servile position to the summit of credit and honors, became, under the name of Secretary, the reigning favorite, and the minister of her policy.

IX.

Rumors in the palace regarding this preference of the Queen for the Italian were not slow to find an echo in the city

and from thence they spread all over Scotland. Knox made the pulpit resound with allusions and declamations on the corruption of the "woman of Babylon." Murray was grieved, and the nobles offended; the clergy thundered; the people were incensed against the Queen. The Court, meanwhile, was devoted to tourneys, hunting-feasts, banquets, shows and music, concealing or betraying ignoble love adventures. The Queen alienated from herself all hearts for the sake of a mere histrio, of a player on the lute, an Italian, a reprobate Papist, who passed for a secret agent of the Holy See, charged with the task of seducing the Queen and fettering the conscience of the kingdom.

X.

EVERY thing indicates that Mary and Rizzio had resolved to give a tragic

diversion to this public scandal, by sacrificing to the Presbyterian rage of the people another favorite than the true one, and thus to satisfy the Protestant clergy by shedding the blood of a foolish enthusiast, the page of the Maréchal de Damville, the young Du Chatelard, who had remained, as we have seen, at Holyrood, for the purpose of entertaining his master with letters about all that related to the Queen, his idol. Du Chatelard, treated as a child by the playful indulgence of the Queen, had conceived for his mistress a passion bordering on madness. The Queen had encouraged him too much to retain the right of punishing him. Du Chatelard, constantly admitted to the most intimate familiarity with his mistress, ended by mistaking sport for earnest, persuading himself that she only desired a pretext for yielding to his audacity. The ladies of the palace discovered him one night hidden under the Queen's

bed; he was expelled with indignation, but his boldness was placed to the account of the thoughtlessness of his age and character. Raillery was his only punishment. He continued to profess at Court an adoring worship for Mary, filling the palace with his amorous verses, and reciting to the courtiers those lines which Ronsard, possessed with the same image, had addressed to her in Paris.

"Quand cet yvoire blanc qui enfle votre sein
Quand votre longue, gresle et délicate main
Quand votre belle taille et votre beau corsage
Qui ressemble au portrait d'un céleste image;
Quand vos sages propos, quand vostre douce voix
Qui pourroit émouvoir les rochers et les bois,
Las! ne sont plus icy; quand tant de beautez rares
Dont les graces des cieux ne vous furent avares,
Abandonnant la France ont d'un autre costé
L'agréable sujet de nos vers emporté.
Comment pourroit chanter les bouches des poëtes,
Quand par vostre départ les muses sont muettes?
Tout ce qui est de beau ne se garde longtemps;
Les roses et les lys ne règnent qu'un printemps.
Ainsi votre beauté seulement apparue
Quinze ans en nostre France est soudain disparue

Comme on voit d'un esclair s'évanouir le trait,
Et d'elle n'a laissé si non que le regret,
Sinon le déplaisir qui me remet sans cesse
Au cœur le souvenir d'une telle princesse.

. . . . . .

J'envoyray mes pensers qui volent comme oiseaux
Par eux je revoiray sans danger à toute heure
Cette belle princesse et sa belle demeure;
Et là pour tout jamais je voudray séjourner,
Car d'un lieu si plaisant on ne peut retourner.

. . . . . .

La nature a toujours dedans la mer lointaine
Par les bois par les rocs, sous les monceaux d'areine
Fait naistre les beautez et n'a point à nos yeux
N'y à nous fait présent de ses dons précieux:
Les perles, les rubis, sont enfants des rivages,
Et toujours les odeurs sont aux terres sauvages.

Ainsi Dieu qui a soin de vostre royauté
A fait (miracle grand) naistre vostre beauté
Sur le bord estranger, comme chose laissée
Non pour nos yeux hélas! mais pour nostre pensée.

The ivory whiteness of thy bosom fair;
Thy long and slender hand so soft and rare;
Thy all-surpassing look and form of love,
Enchanting as a vision from above;
Then thy sweet voice and music of thy speech,
That rocks and woods might move, nor art could reach,
When these are lost, fled to a foreign shore,
With loves and graces, France beholds no more.

How shall the poet sing now thou art gone?
For silent is the muse since thou hast flown;
All that is beauteous short time doth abide,
The rose and lily only bloom while lasteth the spring-tide.

'Thus here, in France, thy beauty only shone,
For thrice five years, and suddenly is gone;
Like to the lightning-flash, a moment bright,
To leave but darkness and regret like night;
To leave a deathless memory behind,
Of that fair princess, in my heart enshrined.
My wingèd thoughts, like birds, now fly to thee,
My beauteous princess, and her home I see,
And there for evermore I fain would stay,
Nor from that sweetest dwelling ever stray.

Nature hath ever in her deepest floods,
On loftiest hills, in lonely rocks and woods,
Her choicest treasures hid from mortal ken,
With rich and precious gems unseen of men.
The pearl and ruby sleep in secret stores,
And softest perfumes spring on wildest shores.
Thus God, who over thee his watch doth keep,
Hath born thy beauty safe across the deep
On foreign shore, in regal pride to rest,
Far from mine eyes, but hidden in my breast."

These beautiful verses of Ronsard were doubtless esteemed an excuse for the

passion of a poet equally fascinated, but less discreet.

Du Chatelard, surprised a second time hidden behind the curtains of the Queen's bed, was sent to trial, and condemned to death by the judges of Edinburgh for a meditated treason. With a single word Mary might have commuted his punishment or granted him pardon, but she ungenerously abandoned him to the executioner. Ascending the scaffold erected before the windows of Holyrood Palace, the theatre of his madness and the dwelling of the Queen, he faced death like a hero and a poet. "If," said he, "I die not *without reproach* like the Chevalier Bayard, my ancestor, like him I die, at least, *without fear*." For his last prayer he recited Ronsard's beautiful Ode on Death. Then casting his last looks and thoughts towards the windows of the palace, inhabited by the charm of his life and the cause of his death, "Farewell!"

he cried, "thou who art so beautiful and so cruel; who killest me, and whom I cannot cease to love!"

This tragedy was only the prelude to others which were soon after to fill the palace with consternation and bloodshed.

XI.

But already state politics began to intermingle with love, and to invade the happiness of the young Queen. England, by right of kindred, had always exercised, partly by habit, partly by force, a sort of recognized mediation over Scotland. Elizabeth, the daughter of Henry VIII., less woman than statesman, was not of a character likely to forego this right of mediation. Public and personal policy alike prompted her to retain it, the more so that Mary Stuart possessed eventual rights to the crown of England, —rights even more legitimate than her

own. In the case of Elizabeth—who gloried in the title of Virgin Queen—dying without issue, Mary might be called to succeed her on the English throne. The marriage of the Queen of Scots was, therefore, a question which essentially interested Elizabeth, for, according as the Scottish princess should marry a foreign, a Scottish, or an English prince, the fate of England would not fail to be powerfully influenced by the king with whom Mary should divide her two crowns. Elizabeth had begun by supporting the pretensions of her own favorite, the handsome Leicester, to the hand of Mary; then jealousy restrained her, and she transferred her favor to a young Scot of the almost royal house of Lennox, whose father was devoted to her, and lived at court. She indirectly intimated to Mary that such a marriage would cement an eternal friendship between them, and would be agreeable to

both nations. The young Darnley, son of the Earl of Lennox, would thus exclude the pretensions of foreign princes, whose domination might menace the independence of Scotland, and later, perhaps, even that of England, and would besides give to Queen Mary a pledge of domestic harmony in a common Catholic faith. It would please the English, because the house of Lennox had immense possessions in England, and the family inhabited London; it would accommodate the Scotch, for he was a Scot by blood and race, and the Scottish nobles would more readily submit to one of their own countrymen than to an Englishman or a stranger. This judicious reasoning shows in Elizabeth no trace at that time of the perfidy and hatred which historians attribute to her in this negotiation. She certainly gave in this case to her sister Mary of Scotland the wisest counsel likely to assure repose to herself.

happiness to her people, and friendship between the two crowns. This advice, moreover, could not fail to be well received by a young Queen, whose heart should naturally take precedence of her hand, for Darnley, then in the flower of his youth, was one of the handsomest of men, and the most likely to captivate the eyes and the heart of a young Queen by the graces of his person.

Rizzio might perhaps have made himself the sole obstacle to the marriage of Mary; but whether it arose from womanly caprice, or from the refined policy of Rizzio, which prompted him to concede a throne in order to retain his influence, he favored the idea of Elizabeth by every means, thinking, doubtless, that he might be unable to resist alone, or for a length of time, the enmity of the Scottish nobles leagued against him; that a king was necessary to reduce them to obedience, and that Darnley, who, though

possessing a charming exterior, had only an inferior mind, would be ever grateful to him for placing him on the throne, and would leave him to reign in reality, sheltered from public envy under the protection of the king. History on this point is wholly conjectural, but the renewed and continuous preference of Mary for her favorite leads to the presumption that she accepted Darnley for the purpose of retaining Rizzio in power.

XII.

DARNLEY appeared at Holyrood, and charmed all eyes by his incomparable beauty, but it was that incomplete kind of beauty wanting in the manliness bestowed by years; he had youth in his face, and something of the woman in his shape, which was too slender and unsteady for a king. A change, however, seemed to come over Mary's heart on

seeing him, and she bestowed upon him her whole soul with her crown. The recitals of the French ambassador at the Scottish court represent this marriage as the perfect union of two lovers, having but one heart, and ardently enjoying the prolonged revelries of this first bliss of their lives. The Presbyterians alone, with Knox at their head, formed a discordant element in the general happiness. "We should be satisfied," ironically remarked the Earl of Morton; "we are going to be governed by a buffoon Rizzio, a silly child Darnley, and a shameless princess Mary Stuart." "You will hear," writes Paul de Foix, envoy of Catherine de Medici at Holyrood, "of the graceful and pleasant life of the said lady, who employs every morning in hunting, and the evenings in dancing, music, and masquerades." "She is not a Christian," cried Knox from his pulpit, "neither is she woman; she is a pagan divinity—

Diana in the morning, Venus in the evening!"

XIII.

MURRAY, the brother of Mary, who had firmly established the kingdom under her rule by his spirited and wise administration, was soon dismissed by the new king, now counselled and governed by Rizzio. He retired, carrying with him the esteem of the nobles, and universal popularity in the nation; the levity of the Queen thus prompted her to discard the first statesman in Scotland for a musician, and leave every thing to the government of caprice. Under the influence of Charles IX., who then meditated the coming St. Bartholomew, of the Duke of Alba, Philip the Second's fanatical executioner, and of Catherine of Medici, the fountainhead of the religious persecution in France, Mary joined the League of Bayonne, whose object was to form a

plan for the religious unity of all Europe by the extermination of Protestantism. She boasted that she would soon lead her Scottish troops and her Catholic continental allies to the conquest of England, and achieve the triumph of Popery even in London itself. We can easily conceive what dissension and animosity between the two queens would immediately spring from such words when reported to Elizabeth by her envoys at Holyrood; feminine rivalries speedily became intermixed with those of a religious and political nature, to envenom still more the bloody leaven of their hypocritical friendship. The inconstancy of Mary soon began to work out the vengeance of Elizabeth.

XIV.

MARY had, after a few days of marriage, abandoned her transient fondness for the youth she imagined she had loved, con

ceived a coolness for Darnley, and became again prodigal of every thing towards Rizzio, on whom she lavished power and honors, violating the almost sacred etiquette of the times, by admitting him to her table in her private apartments, and, suppressing the name of the King in public papers, substituted that of Rizzio. Scotland found she had two kings, or, rather, the nominal king disappeared to give place to the favorite.

XV.

DARNLEY, a prey at once to shame and to jealously, bore all this like a child, dreaming of the vengeance which he had not the strength to accomplish. The Scottish nobles, feeling themselves humbled in his person, secretly excited in him this ferment of hatred, and offered to rid him at once from the worthless parasite she had palmed on the kingdom

as its ruler. What may be called a national plot was formed between them and Darnley, whose objects were, the death of the favorite, the imprisonment of the Queen, and the restoration of the outraged royal power into the hands of the King.

The clergy and the people would evidently be favorable to the plot; there was no need to conceal it from them, so certain were the conspirators not only of impunity, but of public applause. The Earl of Murray, brother of the Queen, whom she had so imprudently driven away, to deliver herself up to the ascendancy of Rizzio, was consulted, and listened with caution to the incomplete revelations of the plotters. Too honest to participate by his consent in an assassination, he gave his approbation, or at least his silence, to the enterprise for the delivery of Scotland. He promised to return to Holyrood at the call of the

Lords, and to resume the reigns of government in the interest of the heir to the throne, whom Mary already carried in her bosom. Rizzio, defeated and captured, might be embarked and thrown upon the coast of France.

The Queen and the favorite, ill-served by a disaffected Court, suspected nothing of the plot, though the conspirators, flocking from the most distant castles in Scotland, were already armed and assembled in her antechamber.

On the night of the 9th or 10th of March, 1566, Darnley, the Earl of Lennox, his father, Lord Ruthven, George Douglas, Lindsay, Andrew Ker, and some other lords of the Protestant party, awaited the hour in the King's chamber. Three hundred men-at-arms, furnished by the different counties, glided silently into Edinburgh one by one under the shade of the walls by the street leading from the city to the palace, ready to suc-

cor the conspirators if the Queen's guards should attempt to defend her.

According to the French ambassador, the murderers had a still more flagrant and justifiable pretext for the assassination of the favorite than historians relate.

"The King," we read in the despatches of Paul de Foix to Catherine of Medici, "a few days before, had gone to the door of the Queen's chamber, which was immediately above his own, about an hour after midnight. After having knocked frequently and no one replying, he called the Queen several times, praying her to open the door, and finally threatening to break it open, upon which she admitted him. The King supposed her to be alone in the chamber, till, after having searched everywhere, he discovered David in the cabinet, his only garment being a furred robe."

This was, probably, the official version

given by the King and his accomplices, but the witnesses, and even the actors in the murder, gave a more truthful one of it afterwards. The following is the account given by Lord Ruthven, one of the conspirators, after his flight to England, confirmed by unanimous testimony and by documentary evidence.

The Queen had unsuspectingly prolonged a nocturnal supper with her favorite, in company with a single female confidant, in a small room of the palace next to her bed-chamber. Here let us quote the French writer, who has studied on the spot the most minute circumstances of this event, and who engraves them in our memory as he relates them.

"The King had supped in his own apartment in company with the Earls of Morton, Ruthven, and Lindsey; the King's rooms were on the ground floor, elevated by a few steps, and were situated under the apartments of the Queen

in the same tower. During the dessert he sent to see who was with the Queen. He was told that the Queen had finished supper in her little cabinet, with Rizzio and her natural sister, the Duchess of Argyle. Their conversation had been joyous and brilliant. The King went up by a back stair, while Morton, Lindsey, and a troop of their bravest vassals, occupied the great staircase, and dispersed in their passage some of the Queen's friends and servants.

"The King passed from the chamber into Mary's cabinet. Rizzio, dressed in a short mantle, a satin vest, and lower clothes of purple velvet, was seated, with his head covered. He wore a cap decorated with a feather. The Queen said to the King, 'My lord, have you supped? I thought you were supping now.' The King leant on the back of the Queen's chair, who turned round towards him: they embraced, and Darnley took a share

in the conversation. His voice trembled, his face was inflamed, and from time to time he cast anxious glances towards a little door he had left ajar. Soon after a man issued from under the fringes of the curtain which covered it,—Ruthven, still pale and shaking with fever, who, in spite of his extreme weakness, had determined to join in the undertaking. He wore a damask doublet lined with fur; a brass helmet and iron gauntlets; was armed as if for battle, and accompanied by Douglas, Ker, Ballantyne, and Ormiston. At this moment Morton and Lindsey violently burst into the bed-chamber of the Queen, and, pushing towards the cabinet, rushed into that small room.

"Ruthven threw himself forward with such impetuosity, that the floor groaned beneath his weight. Mary and her guests were terrified; his livid, fierce aspect, distorted by illness and wrath, froze them with terror.

"'Why are you here, and who gave you permission to enter?' cried the Queen.

"'I have a matter to settle with David,' replied Ruthven in a deep voice.

"Another of the conspirators coming forward, Mary said to him, 'If David be guilty, I am ready to deliver him up to justice.' 'This is justice!' replied the conspirator, taking a rope from under his mantle.

"Haggard with fear, Rizzio retreated to a corner of the chamber. He was followed, and the poor Italian, approaching the Queen, took hold of her dress, crying, 'I am a dead man! giustizia! giustizia! save me, madame! save me!' Mary threw herself between Rizzio and the assassins. She tried to stay their hands. All were crowded and pressed together in that narrow space in one confused mass. Ruthven and Lindsey, brandishing their naked dirks, spoke roughly to

the Queen; Andrew Ker placed a pistol to her breast and threatened to fire, and Mary, throwing open her bosom, cried,

"'Fire, if you do not respect the infant I bear!'

"The table was overturned during this tumult. The Queen still struggling, Darnley threw his arms round her, and pressed her into a chair, in which he held her down; while the others taking Rizzio by the neck, dragged him from the cabinet. Douglas seized Darnley's dirk, struck the favorite with it, and leaving the dagger in his back, cried, 'That is the King's stroke!' Rizzio still struggled desperately. He wept, prayed, and supplicated with lamentable groans. He at first clung to the door of the cabinet, and afterwards crept to the fire-place; then he grasped the bed-posts of the Queen's bed; the conspirators threatened, struck, insulted him, and forced him to let go his hold, by pricking his hands

with their dirks. Having at last been dragged from the Queen's chamber into the anteroom, Rizzio fell, pierced with fifty-five dagger wounds.

"The Queen made almost superhuman efforts to fly to the succor of the unhappy man. The King could scarcely restrain her. Placing her in other hands, he hastened to the room where Rizzio lay expiring. He asked if there yet remained any thing to do, and plunged his dagger into the poor corpse. After this, Rizzio was tied by the feet with the rope brought by one of the party, and was then dragged down the stairs of the palace.

"Lord Ruthven then returned to the Queen's cabinet, where the table had been replaced. He then sat down, and asked for a little wine. The Queen was enraged at his insolence. He said he was sick, and pouring out some wine with his own hand into an empty cup

(Rizzio's perhaps), he added that 'He could not submit to be governed by a servant. Your husband is here; he is our chief!'

"'Is it so?' replied the Queen, still doubtful of Rizzio's death. 'For some time,' said Darnley, 'you have been more devoted to him than to me.' The Queen was about to reply, when one of her officers entered, of whom she asked whether David had been taken to prison, and where? 'Madam,' replied he, 'we must speak no more about Rizzio; he is dead.'

"The Queen uttered a cry, and then turning to the King, exclaimed, 'Ah traitor, and son of a traitor! is this the reward you reserved for him who has done so much for your good and for your honor? Is this my reward for having by his advice elevated you to so high a dignity? Ah! no more tears, but revenge! No more joy for me till

your heart shall be as desolate as mine is this day!' Saying these words, she fainted away.

"All her friends at Holyrood immediately fled in disorder. The Earl of Athol, the Flemings, and Livingstone, escaped by a dark passage; the Earls of Bothwell and Huntly slid down a pillar into the garden.

"Meantime a shudder ran through the city. The bells were rung; the burgesses of Edinburgh, with the Lord Provost at their head, assembled instantly around the palace. They asked for the Queen, who had now recovered her senses. While some of the conspirators threatened that if she called out she would be slain and thrown over the walls, others assured the burgesses that all went well; that they had only poniarded the Piedmontese favorite, who had conspired with the Pope and the

King of Spain to destroy the religion of the Holy Gospel.

"Darnley himself opened a window of the fatal tower, and begged the people to retire, with the assurance that all was done by order of the Queen, and that instructions would be given next day.

"Guarded as a prisoner in her own palace, and even in her bed-chamber, without a single female attendant, Mary remained alone all night, delivered up to the horrors of despair. She had been pregnant for seven months, and her emotions were so powerful that the infant she afterwards bore, and who became James I. of England, could never look upon a naked sword without a shudder of fear."

XVI.

But if Mary's offence was womanly, her vengeance was childish. Rizzio had trusted all to Mary's preference; the ac-

complices of the King had confided in his puerile jealousy, a sentiment as inconsistent as love in the heart of a husband ready to pardon the Queen's fault if she would forgive his revenge. The Queen, burying in her memory, with Italian and feminine dissimulation, both the outrage and her resentment, in order the better to pave the way for expiation, passed, in some hours, from imprecations and sobs to a feigned resignation. Trembling for her throne, her liberty, her own life, and that of her unborn child, she undertook to fascinate in his turn the offended husband, whose anger seems to have been at once extinguished in the blood of the offender. The imagination can alone fathom the profound depths of the Queen's avenging dissimulation towards him who had given the last stab to the dead body of her favorite.

With astonishing promptitude Mary charmed, reconquered, and again drew

towards herself more than ever the eyes and the heart of her young husband. "From the 12th of March, while the blood of Rizzio was still reeking on the floor of the chamber and on the king's hands," writes the French envoy, "the Queen resumed all her empire over Darnley; the fascination was so rapid and complete that people believed in the influence of witchcraft on the part of the Queen over her husband."

The real witchcraft was the beauty of the one, the ardent youth of the other, and the intellectual superiority of a woman who now employed her genius and her charms in apparent submission, as she had formerly employed them in offence.

XVII.

This reconciliation entirely concealed the new conspiracy between the King and Queen, against Darnley's own accom-

plices in the murder of the favorite, but which suddenly became apparent on the 15th of March, six days after the assassination, by the nocturnal flight of the King and Queen to the castle of Dunbar, a fortress whence the King could brave his accomplices, and the Queen her enemies. From thence Mary wrote to her sister, Queen Elizabeth of England, recounting her misfortunes in her own way, and demanding succor against her revolted subjects. She then summoned to Dunbar those nobles who were innocent of the conspiracy against her, and eight thousand faithful Scots obeyed her call. Placing herself with the King at the head of these troops, she marched upon Edinburgh; astonishment and terror went before her; the presence of the King disconcerted the insurgent nobles, clergy, and people, and, without striking a blow, she entered Holyrood. A proclamation was issued forbidding any mention of

Darnley as a participator in Rizzio's murder, and all the accomplices in that deed who fell into the Queen's hands were beheaded; Ruthven, Douglas, and Morton fled beyond the frontiers; she recalled, as chief of her Council, the able and upright Murray, who had been sufficiently mixed up with the conspiracy to insure his popularity, though sufficiently guarded to preserve his honor. Finally, to gratify her affection, after having attained the objects of her ambition, she threw aside the mask, bewailed the fate of Rizzio, ordered his body to be exhumed, and buried it with regal obsequies in the sepulchre of the kings in Holyrood Chapel.

Reconciled with Darnley, whom she more and more despised; well served by Murray, who brought back to her the affections of the nation, on the 19th of the following June, Mary gave birth to a son, destined one day to reign over England. An amnesty, ably counselled by Murray,

granted a pardon to the conspirators on the occasion of the auspicious event, and allowed those who had been proscribed to return to their country and homes.

The hour of vengeance on her husband, had, however, come; her aversion for him made their lives miserable, and she no longer took any pains to conceal it. Melvil, one of her most intimate confidants, says, in his memoirs of the reign of his mistress, "I constantly found her, from the time of Rizzio's murder, with her heart full of rancor, and the worst way to pay court to her was to speak of her reconciliation with the King." Such testimony reveals to us the hearts of the actors in this great drama, though hidden under the mask of false appearances.

XVIII.

THE secret cause of this growing aversion was a new love, more resembling a

fatality of heart in the career of a modern Phedra, than the aberration of a woman and a queen in an age enjoying the light of civilization.

The object of this love was as extraordinary as the passion itself was inexplicable, unless, indeed, we attribute it to the effect of magic or of *possession*, a supernatural explanation of the phenomena of the heart which was common in those superstitious times. But the female heart contains within itself greater mysteries than even magic can explain. The man now beloved by Mary Stuart was Bothwell.

The Earl of Bothwell was a Scottish noble of a powerful and illustrious house, whose principal stronghold was Hermitage Castle in Roxburghshire. He was born with those preverse and unruly instincts which indifferently drive men from exploit to exploit, or from crime to crime,—to a throne, or to a scaffold. Im

petuous in every impulse, in ambition, and in enterprise, Bothwell was one of those adventurers gifted with superhuman daring, who, in their development, and as their desires expand, seek to burst the social bounds within which they exist, to make room for themselves, or perish in the attempt. Some men seem born to madness, and Bothwell was one of those. Byron, whose mother's ancestry was connected with the line of Lady Jean Gordon, Bothwell's wife, has depicted him in the romantic and sombre "Corsair;" but the poem is far behind historic truth, for the sovereign poet, Nature, outvies fiction by reality.

XIX.

We know not whether precocious crime, parental severity, or voluntary flight exiled him from the paternal home, but in his early youth he became enrolled

among those corsairs of the ocean who stained the coasts, the islands, and the waves of the North Sea with blood. His name, his rank, his courage, had speedily promoted him to the command of one of those squadrons of criminals who had a den wherein to stow their spoils, and an arsenal for their vessels, in a rock-fortress on the coast of Denmark. The crimes of Bothwell, and his exploits among those pirates, lie hidden in the shadow of the past; but his name inspired terror along the shores of the North Sea.

After this stormy youth, the death of his father recalled him to his Scottish domains and wild vassals. The troubles of the Court of Edinburgh had attracted him to Holyrood, where he discovered a wider field for ambition and crime. He was among those Scottish chiefs who, at the appeal of the King to his subjects while in the castle of Dunbar, hastened thither with their vassals, in the hope of

seizing and pillaging Edinburgh. Since the return of the Court to Holyrood, he had distinguished himself among the foremost partisans of the Queen. Whether inspired by ambition, or spurred on by an indefinite hope of subjugating the heart of a woman by striking her imagination, he, at all events, succeeded in his enterprise; perhaps he knew that the surest way to conquer feminine pride is to appear indifferent to it.

XX.

BOTHWELL was no longer in the flower of his youth; but although he had lost an eye by a wound received in one of his sea-fights, he was still handsome. His Beauty was not effeminate, like Darnley's, nor melancholy and pensive like Rizzio's, but of that rude and manly order which gives to passion the energy of heroism. The licentiousness of his manners, and

the victims of his libertinage, had made him well known at the Court of Holyrood. He had many attachments among the women of that Court, less for their love than their dishonor. One of those mistresses, Lady Reves, a dissipated woman, celebrated by Brantôme for the notoriety of her adventures, was the confidant of the Queen. She had retained for Bothwell an admiration which survived their intimacy. The Queen, who amused herself by interrogating her confidant regarding the exploits and amours of her old favorite, allowed herself to be gradually attracted towards him by a sentiment which, at first, assumed the appearance of a mere good-natured curiosity. The confidant, divining, or believing she divined, the yet unexpressed desires of the Queen, introduced Bothwell one evening into the garden, and even to the apartment of her mistress This secret meeting for ever sealed the

ascendancy of Bothwell over the Queen. Her passion, though hidden, was, for that reason, still more commanding, and became for the first time apparent to all some weeks after this interview, on the occasion of a wound Bothwell had received in a Border feud, on the marches of which he had the command. On hearing of this, Mary mounted on horseback, and rode, without resting by the way, to the Hermitage where he had been carried, assured herself with her own eyes of the danger he had run, and returned the same day to Holyrood.

"The Earl of Bothwell," writes at this time the French ambassador to Catherine of Medici, "is out of danger, at which the Queen is well pleased. To have lost him would have been no small loss indeed to her."

She herself avows her anxiety in verses composed on the occasion:—

"Pour lui aussi j'ai pleuré.mainte larme
D'abord quand il se fit de ce corps possesseur
Duquel alors il n'avait pas le cœur!
Puis me donna une autre dure alarme
Et me pensa ôter vie et frayeur!"

"When first my master he became
For him I shed full many a tear;
But now this new and dire alarm
Destroys in me both life and fear!"

After his cure Bothwell became master of the kingdom. Every thing was lavished on him as previously on Rizzio, and he accepted all, not as a subject, but as a master. The King, shut out from the councils of the Queen, and even from her society as his wife, "walked about alone," says Melvil, "from place to place, and it was evident to all that she regarded it as a crime that any one should keep company with him."

"The Queen of Scots and her husband," writes the Duke of Bedford, envoy of Elizabeth at the Court of Scotland, "live together as before, and even

worse; she rarely sits at table, and never sleeps with him; she in no wise esteems his society, and loves not those who entertain friendship for him. To such an extent does she exclude him from business, that when she leaves the palace to go out he knows nothing. Modesty forbids me to repeat what she has said of him, and which would not be honorable to the Queen."

The insolence of the new favorite partook of the ferocity of his former life; he once drew his dagger in full council before the Queen to strike Lethington, another member of the council, for having objected to his advice.

The King, outraged every day by Bothwell's contempt, and sometimes by his insults, retired to Glasgow, where he lived in the house of his father, the Earl of Lennox. The Queen and Bothwell became alarmed lest he should make public complaint against the humiliation and

neglect to which he was condemned, appeal to the discontented among the nobility, and in his turn march against Edinburgh. It is to this motive, and to Bothwell's fear, rather than to his desire to become the husband of the Queen, that we must attribute the odious crime which soon after threw the world into consternation, and of which Mary Stuart was at least the accomplice, if she were not the principal actor. In all the acts of the Queen which preceded this tragedy, there are not only proofs of complicity in the plan for assassinating her husband, but something even still more atrocious —namely, the hypocritical art of a woman who hides murderous intentions under the appearance of love; who lends herself to the vile office of decoying her victim, and drawing him within reach of the sword of the assassin.

Without granting to Mary's correspondence with Bothwell, be it real or

apocryphal, more historical authority than it deserves, it is evident that a correspondence of that nature did exist between the Queen and her seducer, and if she did not write what is contained in those letters (which are not written by her own hand, and the authenticity of which is consequently suspected), still she acted in all the preliminaries of the tragedy in such a manner as to leave no doubt of her participation in the snare by which the unfortunate and amorous Darnley was inveigled.

The letters written at Glasgow by the Queen to Bothwell breathe insensate love for her favorite, and implacable aversion for her husband. They inform Bothwell day by day of the state of Darnley's health, of his supplications to be received by the Queen as a king and a husband; of the progress which her blandishments make in the confidence of the young King whose hopes she now

nursed; of his resolution to return with her and to go with her wherever she might wish, even to death, provided she would restore to him her heart and his connubial rights. Although these letters, we repeat, may possess no material textual authenticity in our eyes; though they even bear the traces of falsehood and impossibility in the very excess of their wickedness and cynicism, it is yet certain that they very nearly approach the truth; for a grave and confidential witness of the conversations between Darnley and the Queen at Glasgow gives a narrative in perfect conformity with this correspondence. He even quotes expressions identical with those in the letters, proving that if the words were not written, they were at least spoken between the Queen and her husband.

We therefore dismiss as improbable the text of these letters, adopted as authentic by M. Dargaud, and by a number

of the most accredited historians of England; but it is impossible for us to avoid acknowledging that the part taken by Mary in the death-snare spread for Darnley was a substantial confirmation of the perfidy inferred from this correspondenee.

Certain it is that the Queen, on hearing of the flight of Darnley to the house of his father, the Earl of Lennox, suddenly left her favorite Bothwell, and repairing to one of her pleasure castles called Craigmillar, near Edinburgh, secretly convoked the confederated lords of her own and Bothwell's party. The French ambassador remarks on her sadness and anxiety: her torment between the fears of her husband and the demands of her favorite, was such as to make her cry out in presence of the ambassador, "I wish I were dead!" She craftily proposed to the assembled lords, who were friendly to Bothwell, to give up to Darnley the gov

ernment of Scotland; they protested against this, as she doubtless expected, and gave utterance to threats of deadly import against Darnley! "We will deliver you from this competitor," they said. "Murray, though present, and protesting as we do, will not join in our measures, but he will leave us free to act, *watching us as from between his fingers!* Leave us to act for ourselves, and when things are accomplished the Parliament will approve of all." The Queen's silence was sufficient to give authority to these sinister resolutions, and her departure for Glasgow on the following day served them yet more effectually. She leaves the conspirators at Craigmillar; against all propriety or expectation she proceeds to Glasgow, where she finds Darnley recovering from small-pox, overwhelms him with tenderness, passes days and nights by his pillow, renews the scenes of Holyrood after the murder of

Rizzio, and finally consents to the conjugal conditions implored by Darnley. In vain is Darnley warned of the danger he incurs in following the Queen to Craigmillar into the midst of his enemies; he replies that though it may appear strange, he will follow the Queen he adores even to death. The Queen leaves Glasgow before him, to await his restoration to health, prolongs with him the tenderest farewells, and places on his finger a ring, as a precious pledge of reconciliation and love.

What is there in the disputed letters more perfidious than this? These particulars are at all events authentic; they are the narrative of Mary's daily life at Glasgow with her husband.

XXI.

CERTAIN now that he will fall into the snare, she returned to Holyrood, where

she was received by torch-light in the midst of a festival prepared for her. Darnley followed her shortly after. Under pretext of promoting his recovery, apartments were prepared for him in a solitary country-house in the neighborhood, called Kirk o' Field, with no other attendants than five or six servants, underlings sold to Bothwell, and whom he ironically called his *lambs.* Only a favorite page, named Taylor, slept in Darnley's chamber. The Queen came to visit him with the same demonstrations of tenderness as she exhibited at Glasgow, but refused to live with him yet. Darnley, astonished at this isolation, fell into deep melancholy, from which he sought relief by praying and weeping with his page. An inward presentiment seemed to warn him of approaching death.

XXII.

MEANTIME the festivities at Holyrood continued. At the close of one of these feasts, during which Bothwell had conversed much and alone with the Queen, the favorite (according to the testimony of his valet Dalglish) came home and retired to bed; soon afterwards, he calls his valet and dresses; one of his agents enters and whispers something in his ear; he takes his riding cloak and sword, covers his face with a mask, puts on a hat with a broad brim, and proceeds, at one o'clock in the morning, to the King's solitary dwelling.

What happened on that mysterious night? We know not; the only thing known is, that before the morning twilight, a terrible explosion was heard at Holyrood and in Edinburgh. The house of Kirk o' Field was blown to atoms, and

its ruins would have buried the victim, but owing to a strange forgetfulness on the part of the assassins, the bodies of Darnley and his page had been left lying in an orchard attached to the garden, where they were found next morning, bearing on their bodies, not the marks of gunpowder, but those of a deadly struggle and of strangulation. It was supposed that the King and his page, hearing the steps of the murderers early in the night, had tried to escape by the orchard, but had been overtaken and strangled by Bothwell's assassins, and their bodies left on the scene of the murder by negligence, or in ignorance of the explosion which was to have destroyed the murderers with their victims. It is added that Bothwell, believing that the corpses of Darnley and the page were in the house, had needlessly fired the mine, and had returned to Holyrood after the explosion, believing that no vestiges of

the murder remained, and hoping that Darnley's death would be attributed to the accidental explosion of a store of gunpowder, fired by his own imprudence.

However that might be, Bothwell went home without betraying any agitation; again went to rest before the end of the night, and when his attendants awoke him and told him of what had occurred, manifested all the surprise and grief of perfect innocence, and, leaping from his bed, cried "Treason!"

The two bodies were not discovered in the orchard till daylight.

XXIII.

Morning spread horror with the rumor of this murder among the people of Edinbugh. The emotion was so great that the Queen was forced to leave Holyrood and take refuge in the Castle. She

was insulted by the women as she passed along the streets; avenging placards covered the walls, invoking peace to the soul of Darnley, and the vengeance of heaven on his guilty wife. Bothwell, mounted on horseback, and sword in hand, galloped through the streets, crying, "Death to the rebels, and to all who speak against the Queen!"

Knox ascended the pulpit for the last time, and fearlessly exclaimed, "Let those who survive speak and avenge!" Then shaking the dust from off his feet, he turned his back upon Edinburgh, and retired to await death or vengeance.

Such was the fate of Darnley. Up to this point the Queen might be suspected, but had not been convicted of his murder; but what followed removed all doubt of her participation—by espousing the murderer she adopted the crime.

Sedition being calmed for a time, she proclaimed her grief at Holyrood, by as-

suming the garb of a mourning widow, and remained for some days shut up in her apartments, with no other light than the dim glimmering of lamps. Bothwell was accused of regicide before the judges of Edinburgh, at the instance of the Earl of Lennox, the King's father. The favorite, with undaunted audacity, supported by the Queen, and by the troops, devoted, as usual, to the reigning power, appeared in arms before the judges, and insolently exacted from them an acquittal. The same day he rode forth, mounted on one of Darnley's favorite horses, which the people recognized with horror bearing his murderer. The Queen saluted him from her balcony with a gesture of encouragement and tenderness. The French ambassador saw this, and expressed to his court the indignation it excited in him.

XXIV.

"THE Queen seems insane," writes at the same period one of the witnesses of these scandalous outbursts of passion, "all that is most infamous is uppermost in this Court—God help us! The Queen will very soon marry Bothwell. She has drunk all shame to the dregs. 'What matters it,' she said yesterday, 'if I lose for his sake France, Scotland, or England; sooner than leave him, I would go with him to the ends of the world in nothing but a petticoat!' She will never stop till she has ruined all here; she has been persuaded to let herself be carried off by Bothwell to accomplish the marriage sooner. This was an understood thing between them before the murder of Darnley, of which she was the adviser, and he the executioner."

This was the language of an enemy,

but the event very soon justified the wrathful prophecy. Some days after the 24th of April, while returning from Stirling, where she had been visiting her son, Bothwell, with a body of his friends, awaited her at Almond Bridge, six miles from Edinburgh. He dismounted from his horse, respectfully took hold of the bridle of the Queen's palfrey, feigned a slight compulsion, and conducted his voluntary captive to the Castle of Dunbar, of which he was governor, as Warden of the Borders. There she passed with him eight days, as if suffering violence, and returned on the 8th May, with him to Edinburgh, "resigned," she said, "to marry with her consent him who had disposed of her by force." This comedy deceived no one, but saved Mary from the open accusation of espousing from choice the assassin of her husband.

Bothwell, besides the blood which stained his hands, had three other wives

living. By gold or threats he rid himself of two, and he divorced the third, Lady Gordon, sister of the Earl of Huntly. In order to secure this divorce, he consented to be found guilty of adultery. The verses written by Mary at this period and addressed to Bothwell, prove the jealousy with which she regarded this repudiated, but still loved wife.

"Ses paroles fardées,
Ses pleurs ses plaincts remplis d'affection
Et ses hauts cris et lamentation,
Ont tant gagné que par vous sont gardées
A ses ecrits encor foy vous donnez
Aussi l'aymez et croyez plus quemoy.

Vous la croyez, las! trop je l'apperceoy,
Et vous doubtez de ma ferme constance,
A mon seul bien et ma seule espêrance,
Et ni vous puis asseurer de ma foy,
Vous m'estimez lêgère que je voy,
Et n'avez en moi nulle assureance,
Et soupceonnez mon cœur sans apparence
Vous défiant à trop grand tort de moy.
Vous ignorez l'amour que je vous porte,
Vous soupceonnez qu' aultre amour me transporte,
Vous estimez mes paroles du vent,
Vous depeignez decire elas! mon cœur

Vous me pensez femme sans jugement,
Et tout cela augmente mon ardeur.

. . . .

Non amour croist, et plus en plus croistra,
Tant que vivry" . . .

Her painted words, complaints, and tears,
Her cries, her loud laments, her fears,
Though feigned, deceitful, every art,
Are cherished still within thy heart.
To all she writes full faith thou givest,
In her love more than mine thou livest.
Still, still thou trustest her too well, I see,
And doubted ever my firm constancy.
O, my sole hope! My solitary bliss!
Could I but show thee my true faithfulness,
Too lightly thou esteem'st my love, my pain,
Nor of my faith can full assurance gain.
With dark suspicion thou dost wrong my heart,
As if another in my love had part;
My words and vows seem but a fleeting wind,
Bereft of wit, a woman's idle mind!
Alas! all this increases but the flame
That burns for thee for ever and the same.
. . . . . .
My love still grows, and evermore will grow,
So long as life shall in this bosom glow!"

Why, after such an avowal, carved in characters of poetic immortality, need we

calumniate the Queen who thus calumniates herself with her own hand?

She only refused Bothwell one thing,—the tutelage and guardianship of her son, who was kept at Stirling. Violent and noisy quarrels took place about this at Holyrood, even on the evening before the marriage of the widow and her husband's assassin. The French ambassador heard the turmoil. Bothwell insisted, and the Queen, determined to resist, called loudly for a dagger wherewith to kill herself.

"On the day after the ceremony," writes the ambassador, "I perceived strange clouds on the countenances both of the Queen and her husband, which she tried to excuse, saying that if I saw her sad, it was because she had no reason to rejoice, desiring nothing but death."

The expiation had begun. A league of indignation was formed by the Scottish lords against her and Bothwell.

Thus confederated to avenge the blood stained and dishonored throne, they, on the 13th of June, 1567, met the troops of the Queen and Bothwell at Carberry Hill. Courage deserted their partisans before the battle; they were defeated. Bothwell, covered with blood, rode up to the Queen, when all hope of safety from flight was already lost. "Save your life," cried he, "for my sake; we shall meet in happier times!" Bothwell seemed to desire death. The Queen burst into tears. "Will you keep faithful to me, madam," said he, in a doubtful accent, "as to a husband and king?" "Yes," she replied, "and in token of my promise I give you my hand!" Bothwell carried her hand to his lips, kissed it, and fled to Dunbar, followed by only a dozen horsemen.

The Lords conducted the Queen as a prisoner to Edinburgh Castle. In passing through the army, she was assailed

with the imprecations of the military and the populace. The soldiers waved before her horse a banner, on which was represented the dead body of Darnley lying beside his page in the orchard of Kirk o' Field, and the little King James on his knees invoking the vengeance of heaven against his mother and the murderer of his unhappy father, in these words of the royal poet of Israel, "Judge and avenge my cause, O Lord!"

"By this royal hand," she said to Lord Lindsey, who had aided in the unpardonable murder of her first favorite, Rizzio, "I'll have your heads for this!"

On her arrival in Edinburgh she took courage even in the excess of her humiliation. She appeared, says a chronicle of Edinburgh, at the window fronting the High Street, and addressing the people in a firm voice, told them how she had been thrown into prison by her own traitorous subjects; she showed herself

many times at the same window in miserable plight, her dishevelled hair flowing over her shoulders and bosom, her body uncovered nearly to the girdle. At other times she became softened, and assuming the accents of a suppliant: "Dear Lethington," she said, "you, who have the gift of persuasion, speak to these Lords; tell them I pardon all who will consent to place me in a vessel with Bothwell, whom I espoused with their approbation at Holyrood, and leave us to the mercy of the winds and waves." She wrote the most impassioned letters to Bothwell, which were intercepted by her gaolers at the gates of her prison. Finally, she was conducted with a small escort through a hostile country to the castle of Lochleven, belonging to the Douglases.

Lady Douglas, who inhabited this stronghold, had been the mistress of King James V. the Queen's father, and

was the mother of Lord James Murray. "Of a proud and imperious spirit," says a Scottish historian, "she was accustomed to boast that she was the lawful wife of James, and her son Murray his legitimate issue, who had been supplanted by the Queen."

The Castle, situated in the county of Kinross, was built on an island in the middle of a small lake which bathed its walls and intercepted all flight. There she was treated by the Douglases with the respect due to her rank and misfortunes.

Queen Elizabeth saw with alarm the triumph of this revolt against the Queen. She prevailed on Murray, who was respected by all parties, to undertake the government during Mary's captivity. Murray went to Lochleven to confer with his captive sister about the fate of the kingdom, and of James the infant heir to the throne. Hopefully she saw

him assume the supreme authority, believing with reason that he would be indulgent towards her. She learned from him that Bothwell had fled to the Shetland Islands, where he had embarked for Denmark, there to resume with his old companions, the sea-robbers, the life of a pirate and a brigand, the only refuge fortune had left him. We shall afterwards find him closing in captivity and insanity a life passed alternately in disgrace and on a throne, in exploits and in assassinations. The Queen's heart never forsook him.

She made several attempts to escape from Lochleven to join Bothwell, or to fly to England. The historian we quote, who has visited its ruins, thus describes this first prison of the Queen.

"The sojourn at Lochleven, over which romance and poetry have shed their light, must be depicted by history only in its nakedness and horrors. The cas

tle, or rather fortress, is a massive block of granite, flanked by heavy towers, peopled by owls and bats, eternally bathed in mists, and defended by the waters of the lake. There languished Mary Stuart, oppressed by the violence of the Presbyterian lords, torn by remorse, troubled by the phantoms of the past and by the terrors of the future."

There she is said to have given birth to a daughter, the fruit of her guilty love, who died long after unknown in a convent in Paris.

The English ambassador, Drury, thus relates to his sovereign the last unsuccessful attempt at escape.

"Towards the 25th of last month (April, 1568) she very nearly escaped, thanks to her habit of passing the mornings in bed. She acted in this way: The washerwoman came early in the morning, as she had often done, and the Queen, as had been arranged donned the

woman's cap, took up a bundle of linen, and covering her face with her cloak, left the castle and entered the boat used in traversing the loch. After some minutes one of the rowers said laughingly, "Let us see what kind of lady we have got," at the same time attempting to uncover her face. To prevent him she raised her hands, and he remarked their beauty and whiteness, which made him immediately suspect who she was. She showed little fear, and ordered the boatmen, under pain of death, to conduct her to the coast. They refused, however, rowed back towards the island, promising secresy towards the commander of the guard to whom she was confided. It appears that she knew the place where, once landed, she could take refuge, for she saw, in Kinross (a little village near the banks of the loch), George Douglas and two of her former most devoted ser-

vants wandering about in expectation of her arrival.

George Douglas, the youngest son of that house, was passionately in love with the captive. His enthusiastic admiration for her beauty, rank and misfortunes, determined him to brave all dangers in the attempt to restore her to liberty and her throne. He arranged signals with the Hamiltons and other chiefs, who, on the opposite side of the loch, awaited the hour for an enterprise in favor of the Queen. The signal agreed upon for the flight, which was to be a fire kindled on the highest tower of the castle, at length shone forth in the eyes of the Hamiltons. Soon an unperceived boat glides over the lake, and, approaching its banks, delivers to them the fugitive Queen. They throw themselves at her feet, carry her off to the mountains, raise their Catholic vassals, form an army, revoke her abdication, fight for her cause

under her eyes at Langside, against the troops of Murray, and are a second time defeated. Mary, without refuge and without hope, fled to England, where the letters of Queen Elizabeth led her to expect the welcome due from one sovereign to another. Mary thus wrote to Elizabeth from the Cumberland borders:—

"It is my earnest request that your Majesty will send for me as soon as possible, for my condition is pitiable, not to say for a Queen, but for a simple gentlewoman. I have no other dress than that in which I escaped from the field; my first day's ride was sixty miles across the country, and I have not since dared to travel except by night. Make known to me now the sincerity of your natural affection towards your true sister, cousin, and sworn friend. Remember that I once sent you my heart on a ring, and now I bring you my true heart and my

body with it, to tie more firmly the knot of friendship between us!"

XXV.

We may see by the tone of this letter, so different from her boasting when she threatened the downfall of Elizabeth and the invasion of England by the Scottish Catholics, how Mary's mind and tongue could conform to the changing times.

Elizabeth had the choice of two policies—the one magnanimous, to welcome and relieve her unfortunate cousin—the other openly hostile, to profit by her reverses, or to dethrone her a second time by her freely-expressed condemnation. She adopted a third policy, indefinite, dissembling, caressing in speech, odious in action, which delivered up her "sister" by turns to hope and to despair, wearing out the heart of her rival by endless longing, as if she had resolved that

grief, anguish and time, should be her executioners. This Queen, so great in genius, so mean in heart, cruel by policy, and rendered more so by feminine jealousies, proved herself, in this instance, the worthy daughter of Henry the Eighth, all whose passions were slaked in blood.

She offered to Mary the Castle of Carlisle as a royal refuge, and detained her there as in a prison. She wrote that she could not with propriety treat her as a queen and a sister, till she should clear herself of the crimes imputed to her by her Scottish subjects. She thus evoked before her own tribunal as a foreign queen, the great suit pending between Mary Stuart and her people. By assuming this attitude, her influence in Scotland, whose queen she retained as a prisoner, and whose Regent, Murray, had every thing to hope or to fear from her, became all-powerful. She was about to rule over Scotland as arbiter, and even

without an army. This policy, counselled, it is said, by her great minister Cecil, was ignoble, but national. To receive Mary with honor would infer an amnesty to the murderers of Darnley, approbation of the marriage with Bothwell, and the supremacy of adultery. It would be to restore her to the throne of Scotland. All this would give mortal offence to Protestant England and to the Presbyterian half of Scotland. By setting Mary at liberty, she would only deliver her into the hands of Spain, of France, and of the Catholic house of Austria, to make her the lever, by the aid of which, those powers would agitate Scotland, snatching her from England to give her up to Popery. These ideas were expedient in policy, but the avowal of them was humbling to a Queen, and above all to a woman, the more so that Mary was her own kinswoman. The whole secret of this temporizing craft of

Elizabeth lay in the impossibility of openly avowing a course which served her views, but which dishonored her in the eyes of Europe.

"No, madame," replied Mary from Carlisle Castle, "I have not come hither to justify myself before my subjects, but to punish them, and to demand your succor against them. I neither can nor will reply to their false accusations; but knowing well your friendship and good pleasure, I am willing to justify myself to you, though not in the form of a suit with my subjects. They and I are in no wise equal; and should I even remain here for ever, rather would I die than recognize such a thing!"

Already she was in reality a captive. The Spanish ambassador in London, Don Guzman da Silva, who had gone to Carlisle to offer to her the condolence of his Court, thus describes her abode in the castle:—

"The room occupied by the Queen is

dark, and has but one window, garnished with bars of iron. It is entered through three other rooms, guarded and occupied by armed men. In the last, which forms an antechamber to the Queen's room, Lord Scrope is stationed, who is Governor of the border district of Carlisle. The Queen has only three of her women with her. Her attendants and domestics sleep outside of the castle. The gates are opened only at ten o'clock in the morning. The Queen is allowed to go as far as the city church, but is always escorted by a hundred soldiers. On asking Lord Scrope to send her a priest to say mass, he replied that in England there were none."

Alarmed at the evidently evil intentions of Elizabeth, Mary implored the interference of France. Forgetting her secret hatred of Catherine de Medici, she wrote to her, and also to Charles IX. and the Duke of Anjou, asking them to aid her.

To the Cardinal of Lorraine she wrote with the same purpose, as follows:

"Carlisle, 21st June, 1568.

"I have not wherewith to buy bread, nor shift, nor robe. The Queen has sent me a little linen, and has furnished me with a dish (*plat*). You also have a share in this shame; Sandy Clarke, who stays in France on the part of that false bastard, (Murray,) has boasted that you would not give me money, nor interfere with my affairs. God tries me much. At least, be assured that I shall die a Catholic. God will take me away from these miseries very soon; for I have suffered insults, calumnies, imprisonments, hunger, cold, heat, flight without knowing whither; ninety miles have I rode across the country without stopping or dismounting, and then have had to sleep on hard beds, drink sour milk, and eat oat meal without bread. I have been three

nights without my women in this place, where, after all, I am no better than a prisoner. They have pulled down the houses of my servants, and I cannot help or reward them; but they still remain constant to me, abhorring those cruel traitors, who have only three thousand men under their command, and if I had succor, the half would leave them for certain. I pray God that he send help to me, which will come when it pleases him, and that he may give you health and long life.—Your humble and obedient niece, MARIE R."

The silence of Elizabeth froze her with terror, and she resorted to much feminine persuasion, in order to obtain an answer from her:—

"From Carlisle, 5th July, 1568.

"My good sister, ... seeing you, I think I could satisfy you in all. Alas!

do not act like the serpent, who shutteth his ear: for I am not an enchanter, but your sister and cousin. . . . . I am not of the nature of the basilisk, nor of the chameleon, to turn you into my likeness, even if I were so dangerous or so bad as they say; you are sufficiently armed with constancy and justice, the which I ask also of God, and that he may give you grace to make good use of them, with tongue, and with a happy life.—Your good sister and cousin,

"M. R."

Mary's apprehensions were soon realized. Elizabeth determined to remove her from the Scottish Marches. On the 28th July, 1568, the august captive was conducted, in spite of her energetic protestations, to Bolton Abbey, in the county of York, which belonged to Lord Scrope, brother-in-law to the Earl of Norfolk.

After her arrival there, she wrote in a

very different style to the Queen of Spain, wife of Philip II.

"If I had hope of succor from you or your kindred, I would put religion in *Subs*, [meaning that she would promote the triumph of Catholicism,] or would die in the work. All this country where I am is devoted to the Catholic faith, and because of that, and of my right that I have in me to this kingdom, little would serve to teach this Queen of England the consequence of intermeddling and aiding rebel subjects against their princes! For the rest, you have daughters, madam, and I have a son; . . . . . Queen Elizabeth is not much loved by either of the two religions, and, thank God, I have a good part of the hearts of the honest people of this country since my arrival, even to the risk of losing all they have with me and for my cause! . . . . Keep well my secret, for it might cost me my life!"

It will be seen that from the first days

of her stay in England, while caressing Elizabeth with one hand, she wove with the other, and with strangers as well as with her own subjects, that net in which she was herself caught at last. Captivity was her excuse, religion her pretext; oppression gave her a right to conspire, but if she could urge her misfortunes as a reason for thus plotting, she could not with truth urge her innocence. She unceasingly demanded from Madrid and from Paris armed interventions against Scotland and against Elizabeth. Her whole life during her captivity was one long conspiracy; the inhuman and unprincipled duplicity of Elizabeth's policy justified all she did.

XXVI.

A CIRCUMSTANTIAL narrative of this captivity, of this conspiracy of nineteen years, however interesting in reality

would be monotonous as history. Nothing diversifies it save the different localities and prisons, and the plots continually renewed, only to be as often frustrated.

At Hampton Court, the palace presented to Henry VIII. by Wolsey, conferences were opened to settle the differences between Queen Mary and her subjects. Murray and the Scots brought forward, as proofs of the complicity of Mary in the murder of her husband, her sonnets to Bothwell, and the letters of that favorite, found in a silver casket carved with the arms of Francis II., her first husband.

Neither accusations nor justifications being satisfactory, Elizabeth broke off the conference without pronouncing judgment; watching the struggle between the different factions which distracted Scotland. It seems probable that she trusted to these very factions for

delivering their country into her hands sooner or later. Meantime she left Scotland to its fate.

"Would you like to marry my sister of Scotland?" ironically asked Elizabeth of the Earl of Norfolk, who was believed to be smitten by the charms of his prisoner. "Madam," replied the Earl, horrified at such an idea, "I shall never espouse a wife whose husband cannot lay his head with safety on his pillow."

XXVII.

MURRAY, guardian of the infant king James, and dictator of the kingdom, governed the unhappy country with vigor and address. But a proscribed gentleman of good family, James Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, whose wife Murray had left to die in misery and madness on the threshold of her own dwelling, which had been bestowed by the Regent on Bellen

den, one of his partisans, swore to avenge at once his wife and his country. Gathering a handful of the earth which covered the bier of his wife, he wore it within his girdle as an eternal incentive to revenge; and, repairing in disguise to the small town of Linlithgow, through which Murray had to pass on his return to Edinburgh, he placed himself at a window, fired upon and killed the Regent. He then mounted a horse ready for him behind the house, and by swift flight escaped the Regent's guards. "I alone," cried the dying Murray, "could have saved the church, the kingdom, and the king; anarchy will now devour them all!"

The assassin fled to France, where he was well received by the Guises, who saw in him an instrument of murder, ready to deliver them from their enemy, the Admiral Coligny. They wrote to their niece Mary, persuading her to urge Both-

wellhaugh to the commission of this crime. Mary's reply was characterized by all the shamelessness of the times, when assassination was merely regarded as a justifiable act of hatred.

"As for that of which you write from my cousin M. de Guise, I wish that so wicked a creature as the personage in question [the Admiral] were out of the world, and would be very glad if some one pertaining to me should be the instrument, and yet more, that he should be hanged by the hands of the executioner as he deserves; you know how I have that at heart . . . . but to meddle or order any thing in this way, is not my business. What Bothwellhaugh has done, was without my command; but I am well pleased with him for it—better than if I had been of his counsel."

Murray was her brother, and had twice been her minister and her preserver from

the avengers of Darnley's death. Elizabeth deplored him as the protector of the reformed religion in Scotland. The anarchy he had foretoled in his dying words, immediately followed. The Earl of Lennox, father of Darnley, father-in-law of Mary, and grandfather of James, was named Regent. The party of James, and the party of his mother, Mary, vied with each other in crimes. Lennox was killed in battle. The Earl of Morton assumed the Regency in his place. He ruled like an executioner, sword in hand, overwhelmed the party of the Queen by the terrors of his government, and by a deluge of blood. But scarcely had he placed the sceptre in the hands of his ward, than the favorites of the young king had him put to death as an accomplice in the murder of Rizzio. He did not deny the crime, and died like a man who expected the ingratitude of princes James VI. had been brought up by him

in detestation of the religion of his mother, and in contempt for herself.

XXVIII.

During the minority of the Scottish King, Mary conspired with the Earl of Norfolk, whom she had fascinated anew, to get possession of England in the name of Catholicism. A correspondence with Rome, revealed by unfaithful agents, furnished proofs of this plot. Norfolk was consigned to the scaffold, Mary shut up in a still closer captivity, and Elizabeth began to find out the danger of keeping in her strongholds an enchantress those jailors all became her adorers and accomplices.

The massacre of St. Bartholomew, those Sicilian Vespers of religion and policy, made Elizabeth tremble. The example of so triumphant a plot, she feared, might tempt the Catholics of Eng-

land, who would find in Mary another Catherine of Medici, younger, and hardly less scrupulous, than the Queen-mother of Charles IX.

The advisers of Elizabeth represented to her, for the first time, the necessity of the immediate trial and death of the Queen of Scots, to secure the peace of the kingdom, and perhaps even the safety of her own life. Her most eminent statesmen, Burleigh, Leicester and Walsingham, were unanimous in recommending this sacrifice.

"Alas!" hypocritically replied Elizabeth, "the Queen of Scotland is my daughter, but she who knows not how to behave towards her mother deserves a step-mother."

The feelings and intercourse of the two Queens were still farther embittered by the feminine malice of Mary's conduct towards Elizabeth. History would not credit this, if the proof did not exist

among its archives. Knowing the somewhat equivocal predilection of Elizabeth for her handsome favorite Leicester, whom she had herself hoped to fascinate, and with whom she kept up a correspondence, she had the audacity to rally her rival on the inferiority of her charms.

Under cover of recrimination against the Countess of Shrewsbury, who had accused Mary of attracting her husband to Sheffield, Mary wrote a letter to Elizabeth, in which she attributes to Lady Shrewsbury remarks so insulting to Elizabeth as a woman and a queen, that the wickedness of the expressions forbids us to quote them. She ends the letter thus; "She told me that your speedy death was predicted in an old book; that the reign succeeding yours would not last for three years; after that there was another leaf in the book which she would never tell me of."

We may well suppose that this last

leaf related to Mary herself, and doubtless predicted her accession to the throne of England, and the restoration of the Church throughout that kingdom! The terms used in this letter show that it was an indirect method, ingeniously contrived by the hatred of an imprisoned rival, to throw at her enemy those insults which were likely to be most keenly felt by the heart of a queen and a woman. One is astonished at so much audacity and outrage on the part of a captive queen, when, by a single word, Elizabeth could have retorted with death; but death at this moment was less terrible to Mary than revenge was sweet. What a spectacle history offers in these two queens condescending thus to unyielding strife; the one tempting punishment, the other holding the sword of Damocles constantly suspended over the head of her rival!

XXIX.

MEANWHILE, Europe, upon which Mary had relied, forgot her; but she did not forget Europe. Her detention, attended at first by circumstances befitting her royal rank, became closer and closer as she changed her prisons. She describes in pathetic terms the sufferings of her last prison but one, in a letter to the envoy of Charles IX. at London:—

"It is of old carpentry, with openings at every half foot, so that the wind blows into my chamber on all sides; I know not how it will be possible for me to keep the little health I have recovered. My physician, who has himself suffered much from it, has protested that he will altogether give up my cure if I be not placed in a better lodging, he himself, while watching me during my meals, having experienced the incredible cold caused by

the wind in my chamber, notwithstanding the stoves and fires that are always there, and the heat of the season of the year; I leave you to judge how it will be in the middle of winter. This house is situated on a mountain, in the middle of a plain ten miles in extent, being exposed to all the winds and inclemencies of heaven. . . . I pray you to request her in my name, assuring her that there are a hundred peasants in these mean villages better lodged than I am, who have for my sole dwelling two small chambers. . . . So that I have not even a room where I can retire apart, as I have divers occasions for doing, nor for walking about alone; and, to tell you all, I have never before been so badly lodged in England."

Her Scottish attendants, the companions of her flight and her captivity, sank one by one under this tedious agony of imprisonment. She learnt, we know

not whether with joy or grief, the death of her husband Bothwell, after a wandering life on thewaves of the North Sea, where, as we have seen, he had resumed the infamous calling of a pirate. Surprised in a descent on the coast of Denmark, and chained in the cell of a rock-prison, Bothwell died in a state of insanity; the extraordinary oscillations of his fortune, his miraculous elevation and dizzy fall, had shaken his reason. He recovered it, however, at the last moment, and whether it arose from the power of truth or of tenderness, he dictated to his jailors a justification of the Queen in the matter of Darnley's death, and took the crime, and its expiation, wholly upon himself. The Queen was moved by this dying declaration, which, in the eyes of her partizans, restored to her that innocence which her enemies still deny to her memory. Bothwell was so loaded with crimes that even his dying

words were no pledge of truth, but his declaration was at least a proof that his love had survived twenty years of separation and punishment.

XXX.

THE dangers to which the Protestant succession in England would be exposed if Elizabeth—now advanced in age, and who had never shared her throne with a husband—should die before Mary, appear to have decided her Council to perpetrate the state crime, which the Queen till then had refused to authorize. No one entertained doubts of the permanent conspiracy of the Queen of Scots with the Catholic princes of Europe, and with the Catholic party in Scotland and in England. This conspiracy, which was the right of a captive Queen, could only appear criminal in the eyes of her jailors and persecutors. No guilt had yet ap-

peared to Elizabeth or to her chief counsellors sufficiently clear to bring the Queen of Scots to trial; it was necessary to find another crime of a more flagrant and odious nature in order to justify the murder in the eyes of Europe. The unscrupulous temerity of Mary, and the cunning of her enemies in council, soon furnished one to Elizabeth.

Mary was ceaselessly engaged in concocting those innumerable plots so identified in her mind with the Catholic cause; her correspondence, ardent as her sighs, agitated Scotland, England, and the Continent. Notwithstanding her age, her ineffaceable beauty, her grace, her seductive manners, her rank, her genius, attracted towards her new agents whose worship for her was intimately allied to love.

In the words of Mr. Fraser Tytler, the eminent Scottish historian, "we now

enter upon one of the most involved and intricate portions of the history of England and of Scotland—the 'Babington plot,' in which Mary was implicated, and for which she afterwards suffered."

One of the Earl of Derby's gentlemen, named Babington, brought up in the household of the Earl of Shrewsbury, where he had become acquainted with the Queen while she was a prisoner at Bolton Abbey, had resolved to serve and save her. Babington had gone over to the Continent, and was at Paris the agent of the correspondence in which the Queen was engaged with France and Spain to bring about her deliverance and restoration. The death of Elizabeth was the preliminary object of this plot. Two Jesuits of Rheims, named Allen and Ballard, did not recoil from this regicidal crime. Ballard came to London, sought out Babington, who had returned from France, enlisted him in the cause

of Queen Mary's deliverance, and also through him enrolled a handful of Catholic conpirators, ready to dare all for the triumph of religion. Walsingham, the chief counsellor and minister of Elizabeth, who had brought the spy-system to a state of what might be called infamous perfection, and had his tools and agents everywhere, who insinuated themselves into the confidence of the conspirators, urged them on to the execution of their designs, at the same time revealing all to him, and, with a malignant ingenuity, even adding to the reality by inventions of their own, in order, doubtless, to please their employer, and lead the more certainly to the accomplishment of his aim.

One of these spies, named Gifford, whose earnestness seemed to place him above suspicion at the French Embassy, in which was the repository of the correspondence, received letters, pretended he

had forwarded them to their address, but conveyed them secretly to Walsingham. These letters prove some hesitation at first on the part of the conspirators regarding the propriety of the assassination of Elizabeth, and afterwards a more decided resolution in favor of the murder, after a consultation with Father Ballard, the Jesuit of Rheims. One of the letters, bearing the signature of Babington, thus addressed Mary :—

"Very dear sovereign—I myself, with six gentlemen, and a hundred others of our company and following, will undertake the deliverance of your royal person from the hands of your enemies. As for that which tends to rid us of the usurper, from the subjection of the . . . ."

At the subsequent trial the *copy only* of a letter from Mary in reply was produced, containing these words, "These things being prepared, and the forces,

without as well as within the kingdom, being all ready, it is necessary that the six gentlemen should be set to work, and or- orders given that, their design being effected, I may then be taken hence, and all the troops be at the same time in the field to receive me while awaiting the succors from abroad, who must also hasten with all diligence . . . . . " Mary solemnly declared that she never wrote this letter; and although she insisted on the original being shown, it never appeared, its only substitute being an alleged copy in the handwriting of Phellips, one of Walsingham's creatures, and an expert forger of autographs. No trace of any such original letter has ever been found; and when we consider Elizabeth's evident anxiety to get rid of her troublesome captive, her subsequent remorse; the unscrupulous efforts of Walsingham to please his mistress, by fair means or foul, and the zeal of his

spies and tools, we cannot but arrive at the conclusion that this letter which was so fatal to Mary, but which no one ever saw, was a forgery executed by Phellips, who, besides, is proved to have added a postscript of his own to another of Mary's letters now extant.

These letters were placed by Gifford in the hands of the Queen's council, and Ballard and Babington were arrested by Walsingham. The conspirators could not deny the plot, for portraits of all the six were found in a regicide picture, executed by their own order, surmounted by this device, "Our common peril is the bond of our friendship." They were tried and executed on the 20th of September, together with Ballard and Babington.

XXXI.

THE punishment of her friends impressed Mary with a presentiment of her

own fate. Involved in their plots, and more feared than they were, she could not long remain in suspense as to her own destiny. She was carried, in fact, some days afterwards to Fotheringay Castle, her last prison. This feudal residence was solemn and gloomy, even as the hour of approaching death. Elizabeth, after long and serious deliberation, at last named thirty-six judges to examine Mary, and to report to the council. The Queen of Scots protested against the right of trying a queen, and of judging her in a foreign country, where she was forcibly detained as a prisoner.

"Is it thus," cried she, when she appeared before the commissioners, "that Queen Elizabeth makes kings be tried by their subjects? I only accept this place" (pointing to a seat lower than that of the judges) "because as a Christian I humble myself. My place is there," she added, raising her hand towards

the dais. "I was a Queen from the cradle, and the first day that saw me a woman, saw me a Queen!" Then turning towards Melvil, her esquire, and the chief of her household, on whose arm she leant, she said, "Here are many judges, but not one friend!"

She denied energetically having consented to the plan for assassinating Elizabeth; she insinuated, but without formally asserting, that secretaries might easily have added to the meaning of the letters dictated to them, as none were produced in her own handwriting. "When I came to Scotland," she said to Lord Burleigh, the principal minister, who interrogated her, "I offered to your mistress, through Lethington, a ring shaped like a heart, in token of my friendship; and when, overcome by rebels, I entered England, I in my turn received from her this pledge of encouragement and protection." Saying these

words, she drew from her finger the ring which had been sent her by Elizabeth. "Look at this, my lords, and answer. During the eighteen years that I have passed under your bolts and bars, how often have your Queen and the English people despised it in my person!"

XXXII.

The Commissioners, on their return to London, assembled at Westminster, declared the Queen of Scots guilty of participation in the plot against the life of Elizabeth, and pronounced upon her sentence of death. The two Houses of Parliament ratified the sentence.

Mary asked, as a single favor, not to be executed in secret, but before her servants and the people, so that no one might attribute to her a cowardice unworthy of her rank, and that all might bear testimony to her constancy in suffer

ing martyrdom. Thus she already spoke of her punishment, a consolatory idea most natural in a queen who desired that her death should be imputed to her faith rather than to her faults. She wrote letters to all her relatives and friends in France and Scotland.

"My good cousin," she wrote to the Duke of Guise, "who art the most dear to me in the world, I bid you farewell, being ready by unjust judgment to be put to death—what no one of our race, thanks to God, has ever suffered, much less one of my quality. But, praise God, my good cousin, for I was useless in the world to the cause of God and of his church, being in the state in which I was; and I hope that my death will testify my constancy in the faith, and my readiness to die for the maintenance and restoration of the Catholic Church in this unhappy island; and though never executioner dipped his hands in our blood,

be not ashamed, my friend, for the judgment of heretics and the enemies of the Church, who have no jurisdiction over me, a free queen, is profitable before God to the children of his Church. If I had yielded to them I would not have suffered this stroke. All of our house have been persecuted by this sect; witness your good father, with whom I hope to be received by the mercy of the just Judge. I recommend to you my poor servants, the payment of my debts, and the founding of some annual masses for my soul; not at your expense, but to make solicitation and ordinance as may be required, and as you will learn my intentions from my poor afflicted servants, eye-witnesses of this my last tragedy.

"God prosper you, your wife, children, brothers, and cousins, and above all our chief, my good brother and cousin, and all his. May the blessing of God and that which I would bestow on my

children be yours, whom I recommend less to God than my own—who is unfortunate and ill-used.

"You will receive tokens from me to remind you to pray for the soul of your poor cousin, deprived of all help and counsel but that of God, who gives me strength and courage to resist alone so many wolves howling after me; to Him be the glory.

"Believe, in particular, what will be told you by a person who will give you a ruby ring from me, for I take it to my conscience that you shall be told the truth in that with which I have charged her, specially as to what regards my poor servants, and the share of each. I recommend to you this person for her simple sincerity and honesty, that she may be settled in some good place. I have chosen her as the least partial, and who will the more plainly report to you my commands. I pray you that it be not

known that she have said any thing particular to you, for envy might injure her.

"I have suffered much for two years and more, and have not made it known to you for an important reason. God be praised for all, and give you the grace to persevere in the service of the church as long as you live; and never may this honor depart from our race, that, men as well as women, we have been ready to shed our blood to maintain the cause of the faith, putting aside all other worldly conditions; as for me, I esteem myself born, on both father's and mother's side, to offer my blood in this matter, and have no intention of falling back. Jesus crucified for us and all the holy martyrs, make us, through their intercession, worthy of the voluntary sacrifice of our bodies for his glory!

"Thinking to humble me, my dais had been thrown down, and, afterwards, my

guardian offered to write to the Queen, as this act was not by her command, but by the advice of some one in the council. I showed them, in place of my arms on the said dais, the cross of my Saviour. You will understand all this discourse; they were milder afterwards."

This letter is signed, "Votre affectionée cousine et parfaitte amye. Marie R. d'Ecosse, D. de France.

XXXIII.

When she was shown the ratification of her sentence, and the order for her execution signed by Elizabeth, she tranquilly remarked, "It is well; this is the generosity of Queen Elizabeth! Could any one believe she would have dared to go to these extremities with me, who am her sister and her equal, and who could not be her subject? Nevertheless, God be praised for all, since he does me this

honor of dying for Him and for his church! Blessed be the moment that will end my sad pilgrimage; a soul so cowardly as not to accept this last combat on earth would be unworthy of heaven!"

On the last moments of her life we shall follow the learned and pathetic historian, who has treasured up, so to speak, her last sighs. The Queen, guilty till then, became transformed into a martyr by the approach of death. When the soul is truly great, it grows with its destiny; her destiny was sublime, for it was at once an accepted expiation and a rehabilitation through blood.

XXXIV.

It was night, and she entered her chapel and prayed, with her naked knees on the bare pavement. She then said to her women, "I would eat something, so

that my heart may not fail me to-morrow, and that I may do nothing to make my friends ashamed of me." Her last repast was sober, solemn, but not without some sallies of humor. "Wherefore," she asked Bastien, who had been her chief buffoon, "dost thou not seek to amuse me? Thou art a good mimic, but a better servant."

Returning soon after to the idea that her death was a martyrdom, and addressing Bourgoin, her physician, who waited on her, and Melvil, her steward, who were both kept under arrest, as well as Préaux, her almoner: "Bourgoin," said she, "did you hear the Earl of Kent? It would have taken another kind of doctor to convict me. He has acknowledged besides, that the warrant for my execution is the triumph of heresy in this country. It is true," she rejoined with pious satisfaction, "they put me to death not as an accomplice of conspiracy, but

as a queen devoted to the church. Before their tribunal my faith is my crime, and the same shall be my justification before my Sovereign Judge."

Her maidens, her officers, all her attendants, were struck with grief, and looked upon her in silence, being scarcely able to contain themselves. Towards the end of the repast Mary spoke of her testament, in which none of their names were to be omitted. She asked for the silver and jewels which remained, and distributed them with her hand as with her heart. She addressed farewells to each with that delicate tact so natural to her, and with kindly emotion. She asked their pardon, and gave her own to every one present or absent, her secretary Nau excepted. They all burst into sobs, and threw themselves on their knees around the table. The Queen, much moved, drank to their health, inviting them to drink also to her salvation. They weep-

ingly obeyed, and in their turn drank to their mistress, carrying to their lips the cups in which their tears mingled with the wine.

The Queen, affected at this sad spectacle, wished to be alone. She composed her last will. When written and finished, Mary, alone in her chamber with Jane Kennedy and Elizabeth Curle, asks how much money she has left. She possessed five thousand crowns, which she separates into as many lots as she has servants, proportioning the sums to their various ranks, functions, and wants. These portions she placed in an equal number of purses for the following day. She then asked for water, and had her feet washed by her maids of honor. Afterwards she wrote to the king of France:—

"I recommend to you my servants once more. You will ordain, if it please

you, for my soul's sake, that I be paid the sum that you owe to me, and that for the honor of Jesus Christ, to whom I shall pray for you to-morrow at the hour of my death, there may be enough to found a mass for the repose of my soul, and for the needful alms. This Wednesday, at two of the clock after midnight.

"M. R."

She now felt the necessity of repose, and lay down on her bed. On her women approaching her, she said, "I would have preferred a sword in the French manner, rather than this axe." She then fell asleep for a short time, and even during her slumber her lips moved as if in prayer. Her face, as if lighted up from within with a spiritual beatitude, never shone with a beauty so charming and so pure. It was illuminated with so sweet a ravishment, so bathed in the grace of God, that she seemed to "smile with

the angels," according to the expression of Elizabeth Curle. She slept and prayed, praying more than she slept, by the light of a little silver lamp given her by Henry II., and which she had preserved through all her fortunes. This little lamp, Mary's last light in her prison, was as the twilight of her tomb; humble implement made tragic by the memories it recalls!

Awaking before daylight, the Queen rose. Her first thoughts were for eternity. She looked at the clock, and said, "I have only two hours to live here below." It was now six o'clock.

She added a postscript to her letter addressed to the King of France, requesting that the interest of her dowry should be paid after her death to her servants; that their wages and pensions should continue during their lives; that her physician (Bourgoin) should be received into the service of the king, and that Didier, an old officer of her household, might re-

tain the place she had given him. She added, "Moreover, that my almoner may be restored to his estate, and in my favor provided with some small curacy, where he may pray God for my soul during the rest of his life." The letter was thus subscribed.—"Faict le matin de ma mort, ce mercredy huitiesme Fevrier, 1587. Marie, Royne. Done on this morning of my death, this Wednesday, eighth February, 1587. Mary, Queen."

A pale winter day-break illuminated these last lines. Mary perceived it, and, calling to her Elizabeth Curle and Jane Kennedy, made a sign to them to robe her for this last ceremony of royalty. While their friendly hands thus apparelled her, she remained silent. When fully dressed, she placed herself before one of her two large mirrors inlaid with mother of pearl, and seemed to consider her face with pity. She then turned round and said to her maidens: "This

is the moment to guard against weakness. I remember that, in my youth, my uncle Francis said to me one day in his house at Meudon—'My niece, there is one mark above all by which I recognize you as of my own blood. You are brave as the bravest of my men-at-arms, and if women still fought as in the old times, I think you would know well how to die.' It remains for me to show to both friends and enemies from what race I have sprung."

She had asked for her almoner Preaux; two Protestant ministers were sent to her. "Madame, we come to console you," they said, stepping over the threshold of her chamber. "Are you Catholic priests?" she cried. "No," replied they. "Then I will have no comforter but Jesus," she added, with a melancholy firmness.

She now entered her chapel. She had here prepared with her own hands an

altar, before which her almoner sometimes said mass to her secretly. There, kneeling down, she repeated many prayers in a low voice. She was reciting the prayers for the dying, when a knock at the door of her chamber suddenly interrupted her? "What do they wish of me?" asked the Queen, arising. Bourgoin replied from the chamber where he was placed with the other servants, that the lords awaited her Majesty. "It is not yet time," she replied; "let them return at the hour fixed." Then, throwing herself anew on her knees between Elizabeth Curle and Jane Kennedy, she melted into tears, and striking her breast, gave thanks to God for all, praying to him fervently, and with deep sobs, that he would support her in her last trial. Becoming calmer by degrees, in trying to calm her two companions, she remained for some time in silent and supreme converse with her God.

What was passing at that moment within her conscience?

She then went to the window, looked out upon the calm sky, the river, the meadows, the woods. Returning to the middle of the chamber, and casting her eyes towards the time-piece, (called *la Reale,*) she said to Jane, "The hour has struck, they will soon be here."

Scarcely had she pronounced these words, when Andrew, sheriff of the county of Northampton, knocked a second time at the door, and her women drawing back, she mildly commanded them to open it. The officer of justice entered dressed in mourning, a white rod in his right hand, and bowing before the Queen, twice repeated "I am here."

A slight blush mounted to the Queen's cheeks, and, advancing with majesty, she said, "Let us go."

She took with her the ivory crucifix which had never left her for seventeen

years, and which she had carried from cell to cell, suspending it in the various chapels of her captivity. As she suffered much from pains brought on by the dampness of her prisons, she leant on two of her domestics, who led her to the threshold of the chamber. There they stopped, and Bourgoin explained to the Queen the strange scruple of her attendants, who desired to avoid the appearance of conducting her to slaughter. The Queen, though she would have preferred their support, made allowance for their weakness, and was content to lean on two of Paulet's guards. Then all her attendants accompanied her to the uppermost flight of stairs, where the guards barred their passage in spite of their supplications, despair, and lamentations, with their arms extended towards the dear mistress whose footsteps they were hindered from following.

The Queen, deeply pained, slightly

quickened her steps with the design of protesting against this violence, and of obtaining a more fitting escort.

Sir Amyas Paulet and Sir Drew Drury, the governor of Fotheringay, the Earl of Shrewsbury, the Earl of Kent, the other commissioners, and many strangers of distinction, among whom were Sir Henry Talbot, Edward and William Montague, Sir Richard Knightly, Thomas Brudnell Bevil, Robert and John Wingfield, received her at the bottom of the stair.

Perceiving Melvil bent down with grief, "Courage, my faithful friend," she said; "learn to resign thyself." "Ah, madam," cried Melvil, approaching his mistress, and falling at her feet, "I have lived too long, since my eyes now see you the prey of the executioner, and since my lips must tell of this fearful punishment in Scotland." Sobs then burst from his breast instead of words.

"No weakness, my dear Melvil!" she

added. "Pity those who thirst for my blood, and who shed it unjustly. As for me, I make no complaint. Life is but a valley of tears, and I leave it without regret. I die for the Catholic faith, and in the Catholic faith; I die the friend of Scotland and of France. Bear testimony everywhere to the truth. Once more, cease, Melvil, to afflict thyself; rather rejoice that the misfortunes of Mary Stuart are at an end."

"Tell my son to remember his mother."

While the Queen spoke, Melvil, still on his knees, shed a torrent of tears. Mary, having raised him up, took his hand, and, leaning forward, embraced him. "Farewell," she added, "farewell, my dear Melvil; never forget me in thy heart or thy prayers!"

Addressing the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent, she then asked that her secretary Curle might be pardoned: Nau was left out. The Earls keeping silence, she

again prayed them to allow her women and servants to accompany her, and to be present at her death. The Earl of Kent replied, that such a course would be unusual, and even dangerous; that the boldest would desire to dip their handkerchiefs in her blood; that the most timid, and above all, the women, would at least trouble the course of Elizabeth's justice by their cries. Mary persisted. "My lords," said she, "if your Queen were here, your virgin Queen, she would not think it fitting for my rank and my sex to die in the midst of men only, and would grant me some of my women to be beside my hard and last pillow." Her words were so eloquent and touching, that the lords who surrounded her would have yielded to her request, but for the obstinacy of the Earl of Kent. The Queen perceived this, and, looking upon the puritan Earl, she cried in a deep voice,—

"Shed the blood of Henry VII., but despise it not. Am I not still Mary Stuart? a sister of your mistress and her equal: twice crowned; twice a queen; Dowager Queen of France; legitimate Queen of Scotland." The Earl was affected, but still unyielding.

Mary, with softer look and accent, then said, "My lords, I give you my word that my servants will avoid all you fear. Alas! the poor souls will do nothing but take farewell of me; surely you will not refuse this sad satisfaction either to me or to them? Think, my lords, of your own servants, of those who please you best; the nurses who have suckled you; the squires who have borne your arms in war; these servants of your prosperity are less dear to you than to me are the attendants of my misfortunes. Once more, my lords, do not send away mine in my last moments. They desire noth

ing but to remain faithful to me, to love me to the end, and to see me die."

The peers, after consultation, agreed to Mary's wishes. The Earl of Kent said, however, that he was still doubtful of the effect of their lamentations on the assistants, and on the Queen herself.

"I will answer for them," Mary replied; "their love for me will give them strength, and my example will lend them courage. To me it will be sweet to know they are there, and that I shall have witnesses of my perseverance in the faith."

The commissioners did not insist farther, and granted to the Queen four attendants, and two of her maidens. She chose Melvil her steward, Bourgoin her physician, Gervais her surgeon, Gosion her druggist, Jane Kennedy and Elizabeth Curle, the two companions who had replaced Elizabeth Pierrepoint in her heart. Melvil, who was present, was called by the Queen herself, and an usher of Lord

Paulet was sent for the others, who had remained at the upper balcony of the stair, and who now hastened down, happy even in their anguish to perform this last duty of devotion and fidelity.

Appeased by this complaisance on the part of the earls, the Queen beckoned to the sheriff and his followers to advance. She was the first to lead the melancholy procession to the scaffold.

She arrived in the hall of death. Pale, but unflinching, she contemplated the dismal preparations. There lay the block and the axe. There stood the executioner and his assistant. All were clothed in mourning. On the floor was scattered the sawdust which was to soak her blood, and in a dark corner lay the bier which was to be her last prison.

It was nine o'clock when the Queen appeared in the funeral hall. Fletcher, Dean of Peterborough, and certain pri

vileged persons, to the number of more than two hundred, were assembled. The hall was hung with black cloth; the scaffold, which was elevated about two feet and a half above the ground, was covered with black frieze of Lancaster; the armed chair in which Mary was to sit, the footstool on which she was to kneel, the block on which her head was to be laid, were covered with black velvet.

The Queen was clothed in mourning like the hall and as the ensigns of punishment. Her black velvet robe, with its high collar and hanging sleeves, was bordered with ermine. Her mantle, lined with marten sable, was of satin, with pearl buttons, and a long train. A chain of sweet-smelling beads, to which was attached a scapulary, and beneath that a golden cross, fell upon her bosom. Two rosaries were suspended to her girdle, and a long veil of white lace, which,

in some measure, softened this costume of a widow and of a condemned criminal, was thrown around her.

She was preceded by the sheriff, by Drury and Paulet, the earls and nobles of England, and followed by her two maidens and four officers, among whom was remarked Melvil, bearing the train of the royal robe. Mary's walk was firm and majestic. For a single moment she raised her veil, and her face, on which shone a hope no longer of this world, seemed beautiful as in the days of her youth. The whole assembly were deeply moved. In one hand she held a crucifix, and in the other one of her chaplets.

The Earl of Kent rudely addressed her,—"We should wear Christ in our hearts."

"And wherefore," she replied quickly, "should I have Christ in my hand if he were not in my heart?" Paulet as-

sisting her to mount the scaffold, she threw upon him a look full of sweetness.

"Sir Amyas," she said, "I thank you for your courtesy; it is the last trouble I will give you, and the most agreeable service you can render me."

Arrived on the scaffold, Mary seated herself in the chair provided for her, with her face towards the spectators. The Dean of Peterborough, in ecclesiastical costume, sat on the right of the Queen, with a black velvet footstool before him. The Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury were seated like him on the right, but upon larger chairs. On the other side of the Queen stood the Sheriff Andrews, with white wand. In front of Mary were seen the executioner and his assistant, distinguishable by their vestments of black velvet, with red crape round the left arm. Behind the Queen's chair, ranged by the wall, wept her attendants and maidens. In the

body of the hall, the nobles and citizens from the neighboring counties were guarded by the musketeers of Sir Amyas Paulet and Sir Drew Drury. Beyond the balustrade was the bar of the tribunal. The sentence was read; the Queen protested against it in the name of royalty and innocence, but accepted death for the sake of the faith.

She then knelt down before the block, and the executioner proceeded to remove her veil. She repelled him by a gesture, and turning toward the earls with a blush on her forehead, "I am not accustomed," she said, "to be undressed before so numerous a company, and by the hands of such grooms of the chamber."

She then called Jane Kennedy and Elizabeth Curle, who took off her mantle, her veil, her chains, cross and scapulary. On their touching her robe, the Queen told them to unloose the corsage,

and fold down the ermine collar, so as to leave her neck bare for the axe. Her maidens weepingly yielded her these last services. Melvil and the three other attendants wept and lamented, and Mary placed her finger on her lips to signify that they should be silent.

"My friends," she cried, "I have answered for you, do not melt me; ought you not rather to praise God for having inspired your mistress with courage and resignation?" Yielding, however, in her turn to her own sensibility, she warmly embraced her maidens; then pressing them to descend from the scaffold, where they both clung to her dress, with hands bathed in their tears, she addressed to them a tender blessing, and a last farewell. Melvil and his companions remained, as if choked with grief, at a short distance from the Queen, Overcome by her accents, the execu-

tioners themselves besought her on their knees to pardon them.

"I pardon you," she said, "after the example of my Redeemer."

She then arranged the handkerchief embroidered with thistles of gold, with which her eyes had been covered by Jane Kennedy. Thrice she kissed the crucifix, each time repeating, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit." She knelt anew, and leant her head on that block which was already scored with deep marks; and in this solemn attitude she again recited some verses from the psalms. The executioner interrupted her at the third verse by a blow of the axe, but its trembling stroke only grazed her neck; she groaned slightly, and the second blow separated the head from the body. The executioner held it up at the window, within sight of all, proclaiming aloud, accord

ing to usage, "So perish the enemies of our Queen!"

The Queen's maids of honor and attendants enshrouded the body, and claimed it, in order that it should be sent to France; but these relics of their tenderness and faith were pitilessly refused. Relics which might rekindle fanaticism were to be feared.

But that cruel prudence was deceived by the result. Mary's death resembled a martyrdom; her memory, which had been execrated alike by the Scottish Presbyterians and the English Protestants, was practically adopted by the Catholics as that of a saint. The passions were Mary's judges; therefore she was not fairly judged, nor will she ever be.

Elizabeth, having thus mercilessly sacrificed the life of her whom she had so long and so unjustly retained in hopeless captivity, now added the most fla-

grant duplicity to her cruelty. Denying, with many oaths, all intention of having her own warrant carried into execution, she attempted to throw the entire odium on those who in reality had acted as her blind and devoted agents. This policy of the English Queen, was unsuccessful, however; posterity has with clear voice proclaimed her guilty of the blood of her royal sister, and the sanguinary stain will ever remain ineffaceable from the character of that otherwise great sovereign.

If we regard Mary Stuart in the light of her charms, her talents, her magical influence over all men who approached her, she may be called the Sappho of the sixteenth century. All that was not love in her soul was poetry; her verses, like those of Ronsard, her worshipper and teacher, possess a Greek softness combined with a quaint simplicity; they are written with tears, and even after the

lapse of so many years, retain something of the warmth of her sighs.

If we judge her by her life, she is the Scottish Semiramis; casting herself, before the eyes of all Europe, into the arms of the assassin of her husband, and thus giving to the people she had thrown into civil war a coronation of murder for a lesson of morality.

Her direct and personal participation in the death of her young husband has been denied, and nothing in effect, except those suspected letters, proves that she actually and personally accomplished or permitted the crime; but that she had attracted the victim into the snare; that she had given Bothwell the right and the hope of succeeding to the throne after his death; that she had been the end, the means, and the alleged prize of the crime; finally, that she absolved the murderer by bestowing upon him her hand,—no doubt can be entertained regarding these

points. To provoke to murder, and then to absolve the perpetrator—is not this equivalent to guilt?

In fine, if she be judged by her death—comparable in its majesty, its piety, and its courage, to the most heroic and the holiest sacrifices of the primitive martyrs—the horror and aversion with which she had been regarded, change at last to pity, esteem, and admiration. As long as there was no expiation she remained a criminal; by expiation she became a victim. In her history blood seems to be washed out by blood; the guilt of her former years flows, as it were, from her veins with the crimson stream; we do not absolve, we sympathize; our pity is not absolution, but rather approaches to love; we try to find excuses for her conduct in the ferocious and dissolute manners of the age; in that education, depraved, sanguinary, and fanatical, which she received at the Court of the Valois

in her youth, her beauty, her love. We are constrained to say with M. Dargaud —to whom we feel deeply indebted for the researches which have guided us— "we judge not—we only relate."

APPENDIX.

James V.'s Catholic Policy. Page 9.

Whatever may be the varied opinions regarding M. de Lamartine's hypothesis on the propriety and possible results of James's Catholic policy, it is at all events undeniable that, taking into account the distracted state of the kingdom, the turbulent, overbearing, and even treacherous proceedings of the Protestant Lords, and the implacable enmity of Henry VIII., it was only natural that he should incline to place his kingdom and his infant daughter under the powerful protection of Catholic allies, as the sole chance he could perceive of saving both from destruction. The Lords had forsaken him in his extreme need, and Henry was ready to carry fire and sword into the heart of his kingdom.

Of this the following orders given to the invading armies is proof sufficient:—

In a despatch, dated 10th April, 1544, Henry directs the Earl of Hertford, who commanded the English army invading Scotland, "To put all to fire and sword; to burn Edinburgh town, and to raze and deface it, when you have sacked it, and gotten what you can out of it. Do what you can out of hand, and without long tarrying, to beat down and overthrow the castle, sack Holyrood House, and as many towns and villages about Edinburgh as ye conveniently can. Sack Leith, and burn and subvert it and all the rest, putting man, woman, and child to fire and sword, without exception, when any resistance shall be made against you; and, this done, pass over to the Fife land, and extend like extremities and destructions in all towns and villages whereunto ye may reach conveniently; not forgetting, amongst all the rest, so to spoil and turn upside down the Cardinal's town of St. Andrew's as the upper stone may be the nether, and not one

stick stand by another, sparing no creature alive within the same, specially such as, either in friendship or blood, be allied to the Cardinal." This edict is certainly one of the most sanguinary and atrocious passages in all history ; the original is among the Hamilton MS., and is quoted by Tytler. Nor did Hertford fail to carry out the diabolical plan, for he himself writes, on September, 1545, that "he had burnt seven monasteries and religious houses, sixteen castles and towns, five market towns, two hundred and forty-three villages, thirteen mills, and three hospitals!"

Can it be wondered that James sought to protect himself from so sanguinary an enemy by foreign alliances?

It is needless, however, to argue points of casuistry like this, where so many *ifs* and *buts* must necessarily be supposed; where, in fact, personages and events would have had to change wholly their character and sequence, in order to have produced a different page of history from that which actually be-

came written in those troublous times. In the affairs of nations, not more truly, but more clearly than in personal history, does that philosophical axiom shine forth, "Man proposes, but God disposes."

There is one act of justice which must be done to the memory of James V., viz., to point out that the policy he conceived to be the best was not the offspring of bigotry or intolerance, as he had during his reign given many signal proofs of his desire to repress Popish assumption and encroachment, but that it was the result of a sincere (though, possibly, mistaken) conviction that such a course would save and protect his country and his infant child.

Diana of Poitiers. Page 13.

This famed beauty, who played so prominent a part in the history of France during the latter part of the reign of Francis I., and the succeeding reign of Henry II., was the widow of Louis de Breze, and at the time of

her first intimacy with the latter-named king, was thirty-nine years of age, while he, then Duke of Orleans, was only twenty. The young prince had been married some years previously to Catherine de Medici,—both being in their fifteenth year. The marriage was without either love or happiness, and the fair widow soon gained an ascendancy over Henry, which lasted during his life. Clever and ambitious, Diana became the sworn friend of the all-powerful Guises, and also, strange to say, continued to be the intimate confidant of Catherine herself. When Henry II. was thirty she was fifty. "By what attraction, then," asks M. Michelet, "did she retain him? *By never getting old.* This is a precious secret, but yet the receipt may be given. To be moved by nothing, to love nothing, to compassionate nothing; to retain only such passions as give a current to the blood, bestow pleasure without storms, the love of gain, and the pursuit of money. Without a heart, she gave herself up to the cultivation of her personal charms. Profit

ing by the fresh hours of morning, she rose early, and washed in iced water; she then rode out on horseback among the dew, returned and lay down in bed, read a little, and took breakfast. To promote laughter and digestion, she had neither dwarf, nor dog, nor monkey, but only the Cardinal of Lorraine, then a gay youth of twenty, who attended her, and recounted all the scandal of the Court." When Catherine was sick she was ever by her pillow, and was her most assiduous nurse. "But how," again asks the brilliant author of "L'Amour," "was the young queen so attached to her rival? For the very strong reason, that Diana protected her from the aversion of her husband, who would otherwise have repudiated her a hundred times."

After the death of Henry II., Diana, who had become rich with royal spoils, retired to her beautiful estate of Anet, on the banks of the Eure, where she died at an advanced age, retaining, it is said, her personal beauty, like Ninon de l'Enclos, to the last.

Several portraits of Diana of Poitiers are extant. The marble statue of the goddess Diana in the park of Anet, by the celebrated sculptor, Jean Goujon, is said to be a perfect resemblance; and at Fontainebleau, and in the Louvre, may be seen those full-length likenesses *in puris naturalibus*, to which she is said to have referred the traducers of her middle age. On a medal struck in her honor by Henry II., she is represented as Diana the Huntress, with the device "Nomen ad astra, 1552." The figure on this medal is that of an extremely graceful and beautiful woman.

Ronsard. Page 16.

Previous to the appearance of Ronsard in the middle of the sixteenth century, few poets of eminence had arisen in France. The Provençal and Trouvère lays of the middle ages almost alone represented the French lyre till the advent of Clement Marot, who may be regarded as the "last minstrel" of the old times, and the link between the

middle and the modern ages of French poetry, retaining in his effusions all the beauties of the older poetry, and adding to them a sweetness and grace to which the Gallic muse had never before attained. Marot preceded Ronsard only by a few years; but in the mean time a literary revolution had taken place, of which Joachim Dubellay seems to have been the chief promoter, by the publication of his "Illustration de la Langue Française." This was the commencement of that strife between the rival schools of the "romantic" and the "classic," which raged so fiercely in after times, but which was speedily closed at its first outbreak by the triumph of the "classic," under the leadership of Ronsard, the new apostle of that school. With the exception of Voltaire, it is doubtful if any French writer ever exerted such a powerful influence over the literature of any particular age of that country as Ronsard.

Pierre de Ronsard was born in 1524, in the Vendômois; his father being steward to Francis I., and descended from an ancient

Hungarian family. Educated at the university of Navarre, in Paris, he became at an early age page to the Duke of Orleans, from whom he transferred his services to James V. of Scotland, who had just married Marie of Lorraine. After spending two years in Scotland, and passing through many other journeyings and adventures, he returned to France. When eighteen years of age he suddenly lost his hearing, and immediately betook himself to a close study of the classics, at which he labored during seven years—one of the most striking answers, by the way, to M. Jules Janin's late flippant observation, that genius is independent of study—and shortly after, uniting himself with a few other ardent young poets, he at once imposed a new poetical sovereignty upon France, and thenceforth the worship of the "classical" was victorious. The simpler and more natural lays of Marot were thrown aside for the ornate, Latinized, and not always clear style of Ronsard, who, though possessed of a brilliant imagination and fancy, often loaded his verse

with lofty expressions which were not by any means necessary. The words he used with such bad taste regarding the works of the "gentil Marot," when he said they were "like a dunghill from which, by industrious digging, rich grains of gold might be drawn," are not inapplicable to some of his own verses, though generally the poetry of Ronsard is looked upon in his own country as by far the finest of his age. And never in the history of literature was there such a universal and life-long ovation as that which greeted the new poet. King, court, and people, alike joined in the acclaim. First of all, he was crowned as the foremost poet of France at the ancient Floral Games, and during fifty years was loaded with honors and praise—four succeeding sovereigns delighting to favor him. Charles IX. wrote verses in his praise; Mary Stuart, to whom he had addressed the beautiful verses quoted at page 43, and who was afterwards solaced in her English captivity by some of his poetry surreptitiously conveyed to her, sent him "a

Parnassus of silver," with a somewhat hyperbolical inscription; Tasso visited him at Paris, and avowed himself inferior in genius to this Pindar of France, an avowal not at all confirmed by the verdict of posterity. Ronsard was a bon-vivant, and weakly at the age of fifty, but retained his wit and poetical capacity to the last, dying at the age of sixty-one. His longest poem is called the "Franciade," written after the manner of the Eneid, and his odes, sonnets, etc., all following ancient models, are innumerable, one of the finest works being the "Four Seasons," where the reader will find great riches of imagination. We are not aware whether there is any English translation of Ronsard, but those who may wish to see his poetry in the original, will find the best collection of it in M. St. Beuve's "Poesie Française du Scizième Siecle." His personal appearance is thus described by M. Binet, another editor of his works:—"His grace and beauty rendered him agreeable to all; his stature was tall, with a martial air; his limbs strong and

well-proportioned; a noble, frank, and thoroughly French countenance; a waving blond beard, brown hair, aquiline nose, with serene eyes, full of soft gravity." His manners were polished and courtly, and he indulged considerably in the pleasures of the time and court.

Allan Ramsay, one of the finest of pastoral poets, and who may well be called the Scottish Theocritus, but who probably knew nothing of Ronsard, introduces similar images to those of Ronsard, in the lines at page 43, in his "Song made in honor of our Sovereign Lady, Mary Queen of Scots," which may compare in beauty and even in elegance with the verses of the "Virgil" of France.

"Ye meaner beauties of the night
Who poorly satisfy our eyes,
More by your number than your light,
Ye are but officers of the skies,
What are ye when the moon doth rise?

Ye violets that first appear,
By your deep purple color known;
Taking possession of the year,
As if the spring were all your own,
What are ye when the rose is blown?

Ye charming birds that, in the woods,
Do warble forth your lively lays;
Making your passion understood,
In softest notes, what is your praise,
When Philomel his voice doth raise?

Ye glancing jewels of the east,
Whose estimation fancies raise;
Pearls, rubies, sapphires, and the rest
Of glittering gems, what is your praise,
When the bright diamond shows his rays?

But, ah! poor light, gem, voice, and smell,
What are ye if my Mary shines?
Moon, diamond, flowers, and Philomel,
Light, lustre, scent, and music, tine
And yield to merit more divine.

When she appears the moon looks dead,
As when Sol lifts his radiant head!"

Ramsay's Tea-table Miscellany.

ENMITY OF CATHERINE DE MEDICI. Page 17.

"Catherine had her revenge. The 'market-woman's daughter' will remember the scene thus reported in few words by the Cardinal de Sainte Croix. Later we shall find them graven, as it were, in Mary's sen

tence of death. At first sight we are apt to be astonished at the lukewarmness of Henry III. and Catherine de Medici when their unhappy kinswoman was in extreme peril. But did not Catherine then recall the insulting words in the garden? M. de St. Croix says: 'Sa Majesté Catherine *ne peut oublier ce mot*, mais elle manque de courage pour oser en temoigner tout son haut ressentiment.' 'Catherine can never forget these words, but she had not the courage to testify her high resentment boldly.' When the executioner's axe had become the avenger of the 'market-woman's daughter,' Catherine let it pitilessly fall on the neck of the daughter of kings, concealing her joy as she had smothered her hatred."—PHILARETE CHASLES, *Etude sur Marie Stuart.*

It is true that Chateauneuf and Bellièvre, the French ambassadors, protested against the sentence and execution of Mary on the part of Henry III.; but although Chateauneuf seems exempt from all suspicion, it is now more than probable that Bellièvre, act-

ing on secret instructions, actually intrigued to bring about the catastrophe. Mary's death would, as Elizabeth well knew, be welcome news to Henry and to Catherine, who would therein find a new triumph over the hated Guises. The astute and experienced ambassador made semblance of intercession; but knowing, as he did, the wishes of his master and the disposition of Elizabeth, there is little doubt that he played one part, a comedy, openly, but another, a tragic one, in secret.

Catherine de Medici. Page 17.

Perhaps at no period of European history have women exercised so immense and powerful an influence over governments and their policy, as in the sixteenth century. Mary and Elizabeth in England, Mary of Guise and Mary Stuart in Scotland, and Catherine de Medici in France, all wielded sovereign power; while, in the last-named country, both Francis I. and Henry II. were under the guidance of other ambitious and clever women,

who, in effect, ruled France through these monarchs. In such an important epoch, wher the deep and tumultuous passions of Europe were excited to frenzy by religious differences, it might be supposed that gentle and subduing female influences would have emanated from the several thrones to soften the rancors of religious or political animosity, and calm the troubled waters. But not one of these female sovereigns acted as a true woman in this respect; all became, more or less, mixed up with the ferocities of the time, and all were more or less guilty of political crimes to gratify their personal ambition or religious bigotry. But by far the darkest history of female influence in the sixteenth century, is that of Catherine of Medici.

Catherine was the descendant of that "Magnificent" patron of the arts, Lorenzo, Duke d'Urbino, who was her great-grandfather. Pope Leo X. was her grand-uncle, and Pope Clement VII. her uncle. Her father, Lorenzo II., died before she was born; and her mother, Madeline de la Tour d'Auvergne,

died in giving her birth, so that she was left to the Pope's care and tutelage. When a young girl, she is described as having been pretty and graceful, much admired by that excellent judge, Benvenuto Cellini. The gallant Brantôme describes her as being possessed of "a very fine and rich shape, a pretty and agreeable face, with a very delicate skin, white and full," besides other charms needless to mention here. Her marriage with the Duke of Orleans, second son of Francis I., was celebrated by the Pope at Marseilles in 1533, she being then only fourteen, and her bridegroom fifteen, the Pope presenting her with a dowry of 100,000 gold crowns. By the death by poison of the dauphin, her husband became heir to the crown, to which he succeeded fourteen years after their marriage. During the first ten years of marriage, Catherine had no children, but during the following ten years, she gave birth to ten, which M. Capefigue, her apologist, informs us, made her extremely beloved by court and nation. Three of her sons, Francis, Charles, and

Henry, successively mounted the throne of France; and, after having enjoyed sovereign power with her husband, she continued to exercise it, either directly as regent, or indirectly as queen dowager, during these three succeeding reigns. To the bigoted and vengeful influence of this Italian princess—seconded by the Guises, with whom she kept up a hollow alliance of mutual interest—may, in great measure, be attributed the religious persecutions in France, and, above all, that bloodiest of national tragedies, the massacre of St. Bartholomew—her share in which she boldly avowed—a crime sufficient to stamp her name with eternal infamy, even without the guilt of those poisonings of which she is also accused. Catherine died in 1589, aged seventy. Her portrait in middle life is thus sketched by M. de Mezeray, contrasting curiously with the picture drawn above by Brantôme: "The Queen was of mediocre height, but stout and square, her face was broad, her mouth prominent, her color white, with very little red, her eyes soft and large,

and moving about with great *volubility;* her head was large, and she could not walk two hundred steps without being much fatigued. As for her mind, it was extremely subtle, hidden, and full of ambition and artifice, knowing well how to dissemble, so as to conduct her projects with incredible patience, and never surprised by accidents; for the rest, she was very sweet, generous, and magnificent—at least in appearance. She was the first queen who had ruled France since Blanche of Castile." Under her portrait, M. de Mezeray places (as his manner is) the following lines :—

"Qu'est-ce que ne fit point pour regner sans danger
Cette Veuve d'un Roy dont la fin fut tragique?
Elle n'oublia rien dans l'art de se vanger,
Et trompa les plus Fins avec sa Politique."

After her death, her heart, "if she had any," says M. Michelet, "was placed in the gilt urn now in the Louvre, supported by four figures representing those theologic virtues which Catherine *was so well known to*

possess, Faith, Hope, and Charity!" and her body now lies in the chapel of Henry II. at St. Denis, "where she had made herself be sculptured classically—that is to say, nude."

TRANSLATION OF LINES BENEATH CATHERINE DE MEDICI'S PORTRAIT.

"To rule without a peer, what guilt was hers,
That widow of a king so tragically slain!
Her endless policy was dark revenge;
Before her deeper art, the deepest cunning paled."

MARY'S MARRIAGE WITH FRANCIS II. P. 20.

"On the 20th January," says the eloquent and erudite Michelet, "was born a diseased king, Francis II., who died of a fluxion in the ear, leaving a legacy of civil war; then a madman, Charles IX., the maniac of St. Bartholomew; next, a nerveless king, Henry III., bringing with him the degradation of France. Thus, prolific of sickly or dying children, Catherine grew old, fat, and gay, in the midst of our frightful miseries." The

roots of those bodily and mental maladies with which all of Catherine's children were more or less afflicted, are plainly enough traced by M. Michelet. Several died in infancy; Francis passed through a sickly childhood and youth, to the age of seventeen.

So early as the year 1548, the marriage of the young Scottish princess with the French dauphin had been agreed upon between Henry II. and the Queen Regent of Scotland, and the arrangement was ratified that year by the Scottish Parliament, on the occasion of the arrival of Montalembert, Sieur d'Essé, at Leith, with a French fleet and 6000 men, to aid the Scots against the English invasion, headed by Lord Grey. Mary was at that time only six years old, and her husband elect two years younger. Eventually, the marriage of her poor son with the brilliant niece of the Guises seems not to have been altogether approved by the Queen of France, notwithstanding which it was precipitated by those ambitious nobles,

with the aims so clearly explained in the text.

In a curious contemporary pamphlet, published by *Annet Brière, libraire en la rue des Poirées à l'enseigne Sainct Sebastien* (Paris), there is a full description of the ceremonial observed at Mary's marriage with the Dauphin. She is here styled the "*très haute et vertueuse Princesse Madame d'Esteuart, Royne d'Ecosse.*" A few extracts from this quaint and graphic account may be found interesting, as an illustration of the manners of the age.

The "fiançailles," or betrothment, took place on the 19th of April, 1558, in the great hall of the "new castle of the Louvre," after which there was a grand ball, at which all the great personages "balloient" or danced. 'Many days before," says M. Brière, "preparations had been made, such as vestments, by embroiderers, tailors, and others, and by fitting up theatres in the great hall, of such grandeur, beauty, and excellence, that those who saw them marvelled at their artifice." A great gallery was erected in front of Nôtre

Dame, in what is now called the Parvis, "of such magnificence, that most workmen had very good profits by it." On the following Sunday, the 24th, "commenced at break of day the magnificent triumph of the nuptials of the said King Dauphin and Queen Dauphiness." Then follows a description of the procession, led and marshalled by the Duke of Guise, who put back the crowd of nobles so that the people should see better; there was a large band of music "sounding and playing so melodiously, that it was a thing very delectable, the said players being clothed in red and yellow." Then there were all the princes, nobles, bishops, etc. Mary is thus described, advancing between her uncle the Duke, and her affianced husband, Francis. "She was ravishingly beautiful, and was clothed like a lily, in white, her dress being so sumptuously made, that it were impossible to describe it; the long train was borne by two young *damoyselles*. From her neck hung a ring of inestimable value, with previous stones, and other rich gems of great

price; on her head she wore a golden crown garnished around with pearls, diamonds, and rubies, and in its centre a carbuncle worth five hundred thousand crowns."

"Arriving before the great gate of the Church, the king drew a ring from his finger, which he gave to the Cardinal de Bourbon, Archbishop of Rouen, who espoused them at the said place in presence of the reverend father in God the Bishop of Paris, who made a scientific and elegant oration. Then the heralds cried three times with a loud voice, 'Largesse!' and threw among the people a great quantity of gold and silver pieces of all kinds, such as *henris*, *ducats*, *escus*, *sols*, *pistoletts*, *testons*, and *douzins*. Then the bishop performed mass, after which the procession went to the 'Evesche,' the bishop's palace, in the great hall of which there was a grand dinner and ball; after which, about five o'clock, they returned to the palace by the Pont au Change, 'the princes and gentlemen mounted on great horses covered with cloth of gold and silver; the princesses in lit-

ters and coaches uncovered above, the Duke de Lorraine and other princes and princesses following on *haquenées bragardes*, prancing horses, accoutred with crimson velvet, with ornaments of gold, and other riches impossible to estimate. Arriving at the said palace (through so great a number of people that the said lords could scarcely proceed), the which was so magnificently decorated and worked, that one might say the Elysian Fields could not be more beautiful or delectable; the king and all the court sat down before a marble table and supped. I leave you to conceive the pleasure and delectation of such an assembly. Supper finished, and thanks given, one might have seen the dames and damsels rejoicing and leaping for joy. Then followed masks and mummeries, ballads, and other joyous pastimes, in such grand fashion as it is impossible to describe. And, among others, there were twelve artificial horses, covered with gold and silver cloths conducted and led artificially, walking as if they had been living; upon which were

mounted the royal children, and those of the Duke de Guise, with many others. After that came six ships covered with gold and cramoisy, with silver sails, so ingeniously made, and conducted with such dexterity, that one would have said they floated in water, and were tossed by the waves of the sea.'" The good M. Brière devotes a page or two to a description of these wonderful vessels. "Each one," he says, "who was in the ships took, in passing, such lady as pleased him best, placed her in his ship, and conducted it, with the lady he had vanquished, to a good haven;" to tell the magnificence of the buffets, etc., is "quasi impossible." All this "continued for several days, during which some other marriages were made. And now to end," piously exclaims the amusing Brière, "let us pray the King of kings to maintain the said princes in joy, prosperity, and love, so that the people may be sustained and governed in peace!"

"Francis II. and his young wife formed a great contrast," says M. Michelet; "he was

a little youth, who only completed his growth six months later. His face was pale and puffy, with a *camus* nose." According to the conditions of the contract, the eldest son of this marriage was to become King of France and Scotland; and in the case of there being only daughters, the eldest was to be Queen of Scotland, with a portion of 400,000 crowns from France. Queen Mary's jointure was fixed at 600,000 livres if her husband died after becoming king. Buchanan celebrated the union in his poetical masterpiece, the "Epithalamium." The short reign (two years) of Francis II. was only distinguished for the continual intrigues of the Guises, and the persecution of all who ventured to avow the reformed faith. He cannot, in reality, be said to have reigned at all, as the power of his mother and of the Cardinal was the only ruling authority. In a picture of the time, engraved in Montfauçon's "Monumens de la Monarchie Française," he is represented as soft-looking, with a round, boyish face. He seems to have been a harmless youth,

for whom no one greatly cared while he lived—not even his mother—and who died unlamented, except by his young widow. "His body," says De Thou, "was carried to St. Denis by Lansac and the Bishop of Senlis, without either pomp or following, in a bier covered with a cloth of silk."

The Guises. Page 20.

The history of the celebrated house of Guise is intimately and fatally interwoven with that of France during the greater part of the sixteenth century. The chiefs of that family, no less distinguished for their great abilities and energetic will, than for the cruel, crafty, and unscrupulous means by which they sought to attain the objects of their gigantic ambition, were alike the most powerful enemies of political and of religious freedom in France, and even of the supremacy of the monarchy itself. The house of Guise was a younger branch of the family of the Dukes of Lorraine, or *Lothaire-regne*, the

"kingdom of Lothaire," grandson of Charlemagne, and inheritor of a third part of his empire. This dukedom became a fief of the French crown in the tenth century, and remained a powerful hereditary sovereignty for seven centuries, till, in 1766, the twenty-sixth Duke exchanged Lorraine for Tuscany, became the husband of Maria Theresa, and ancestor of the present reigning house of Austria. One of the daughters of Lorraine, Margaret of Anjou, became Queen of England, and several royal continental families trace their descent to the same source.

In the thirteenth century the province of Guise was acquired, by Raoul Duke of Lorraine, by marriage; this Raoul is celebrated as one of the bravest of our foes who fell at Cressy, and the reign of René, one of his successors, is illustrated by Scott in "Anne of Geierstein."

Claude, Duke d'Aumale, fifth son of René the Good of Lorraine, came to France as a young soldier of fortune about the year 520, and became the founder of the younger

branch. After a great and victorious military career, he was created Duke of Guise by Francis I., and elevated to the highest honors in the state. By his wife, Antoinette de Bourbon, the Duke Claude left twelve children, of whom one was Mary, who became the wife of James V. of Scotland, and mother of Mary Stuart. Five of the sons specially distinguished themselves, but the two who chiefly stand out in the picture of the age, are Francis, the soldier, and Charles, the priest; the one succeeding to the military genius of his father as Duke of Guise, the other to the craft and ambition of his uncle as Cardinal of Lorraine; both remaining closely allied during their whole lives, and working together ceaselessly for the aggrandisement of the family, and the gratifica tion of inordinate personal ambition. Becoming the confederates, on the one hand, of Diana of Poitiers, and on the other, of Catherine de Medici herself, the Guises speedily gained an enormous ascendancy over Henry II., and a no less fatal power over the peo

ole—which enabled them to fight successfully against the Reformation in France, whose implacable foes they never ceased to be. Most of the persecutions and slaughters of the time are attributable to the baneful influence of the Guises, in conjunction with their female allies; and they were directly or indirectly, engaged in the massacres of Vassy and Sens, and the *noyades* of Mâcon. Commanding the army at the siege of Orleans, in 1563, after having threatened to raze the city to the ground, and "not to leave even a cat alive," the Duke of Guise was assassinated by a Protestant gentleman named Poltrot, who had offered his services in the camp as a spy, and who was afterwards put to death with frightful tortures in Paris. Some idea of the power of the Guises at this period may be formed from the statement that the Cardinals of Lorraine and of Guise divided between them the titles and revenues of fifteen bishoprics. Their brother Joinville, was governor of the palace; Mayence, great chamberlain; Aumale, grand veneur; El-

bœuf, keeper of galleries—all six, says M. de Mezeray, "ambitious, but in different fashions; all six affable, civil, magnificent, popular, liberal, either in reality or in appearance, with a grace formed for charming people's hearts." The public finances were administered by one of their agents, and the entire provinces of Champagne and Burgundy were under their rule.

Henry, the young Duke, was then only thirteen, but under the guidance of his uncle, the Cardinal, soon proved a son worthy of such a father. The power and influence of the family had reached its climax by the sudden death of Henry II., and the accession of Francis II. and their young niece, Mary Stuart, to the throne, but received a partial check on the death of that young king—who was a mere puppet in their hands, and in those of his mother—to be soon resumed under the base and fanatical Charles IX. The Guises had regarded Coligny and the Huguenots as the murderers of the Duke Francis, and their vengeance never slept.

After being attracted to Court, and in his turn made the means of attracting the other chiefs of the Huguenot party, Coligny, thus basely betrayed, was the first to be attacked, and the bloody day of St. Bartholomew followed—in which the Duke of Guise, after conspiring with Catherine to bring it about, was himself one of the executioners. "Courage," he cried, "the game is in the toils; it is the king's order!" and for eight days and nights the most horrible tragedies were enacted in the streets and houses of Paris. The King of Navarre, afterwards Henry IV., (a prince who has since received praise very much beyond his merits), only saved himself, like the Prince of Condé, by turning Catholic. During the remainder of this reign, and the reign of Henry III., such were the intrigues and struggles of this family of Guise to retain their influence, even at the expense of the monarchy—thereby plunging the country into all the horrors of civil war—and they so far attained their object of absolute power, that the king, feeling himself incompetent to

oppose them openly, at last entrapped them to his palace at Blois, caused the Duke to be assassinated, and the Cardinal to be immediately executed. This Duke of Guise has been proclaimed by some Catholic writers as the great champion of the faith, and as a faultless military hero; and even in our own day, M. Amedée René, a partisan writer in France, has ventured so to characterize him, denying, contrary to the evidence of all history, that Guise had any share in the massacre of St. Bartholomew! Ultra-Catholic writers may well glory in the Guises as the most powerful and successful enemies of the Reformation. In constant alliance with that dark bigot, Philip II. of Spain, whose support was as necessary for the success of their projects, as it was disastrous for France, the progress of that free and liberty-giving religion, to which the German and Anglo-Saxon nations are so much indebted even for their political advancement, was by their instrumentality effectually checked; Huguenotism was drowned in blood, and with it the nascent

liberties of the people. In thus extinguishing the *religious* element of rebellion against intellectual and moral tyranny, and against superstition, the Guises paved the way afar for the advent of that irreligious philosophism which afterwards usurped the place of Protestantism, vainly seeking to achieve human emancipation by the enthronement of reason, casting aside that great principle of faith, which furnishes a purer and higher element of national regeneration and progress than unaided "philosophy" could ever supply. To the absence of this religious element may be chiefly attributed the cruel and licentious excesses of the Terror.

The sacrifice of the two Guises was avenged the following year by the assassination of Henry III. by Father Clement a Jacobin monk, who had been inveigled and fascinated by the charms and promises of the Duchess de Montpensier, sister of the late Duke; and thus ended the race of the Valois, to give place to the elevation of the Bourbons, in the person of the much-gyrating Henry IV. One

of the descendants of the Duke Henry became, for a short time, King of Naples, after the fall of Masaniello, but, in general, the succeeding Dukes of Guise lived worthless lives, and died unfamed; the last of the race held one of those lordly menial offices in the royal household of Louis XIV., which were so much coveted by the noblesse of the time, and with him, in 1675, the once princely House of Guise became extinct.

Was the massacre of St. Bartholomew premeditated or not? is one of those historical questions which has never received a perfectly satisfactory solution. There can be no doubt that a plot existed by which a heavy blow was to be struck at Coligny and the Huguenots, but some writers maintain that the Admiral's life alone was aimed at, and that the Guises were to have been themselves implicated and made the victims of Catherine's jealousy and revenge; that the carnage which followed was an "accident," like the French Revolution of 1848. The evidence relied on for this view of matters is the me-

moir of Margaret of Navarre—who in reality seems to have known nothing of the plot —and of Tavannes, the daring and sanguinary actor in that drama, who had commenced his career by proposing his services to Catherine to cut off the nose of Diana of Poitiers, and who urged on the assassins of St. Bartholomew with the cry of, "Bleed! doctors say that bleeding does good in August." M. de Chateaubriand supports the same view by quotations from Salviati's despatches to the Pope, which insinuate that even the king knew nothing about the proposed massacre, and that it was provoked by the Huguenots themselves. But Salviati's expressions are ambiguous, and his statements completely contradicted by the direct despatches communicated to the Pope through the ambassador Ferralz. In a remarkable French essay on the philosophy of history, the following conclusion is arrived at, which may be taken as the true and fair resumé of the whole question: "Il se peut que le tems, le lieu, la manière, le nombre

des proscrits, n'eussent pas été concertés pendant deux années, mais il est vrai que le dessein d'exterminer le parti etait pris de long tems." "It may be that the time, the place, the mode, and the number of the proscribed, may not have been decided upon during the two preceding years, but it is true that the design to exterminate the party had existed for a long time."—*Essai sur les Mœurs*, etc.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF MARY. Page 26.

That Mary possessed the "fatal gift" of incomparable personal beauty is proved, not merely by the somewhat hyperbolical portraitures of contemporary poets, but by the universal testimony of history and tradition. Many portraits of her, some of which are no doubt authentic, still exist, and these give us the impression of a lovely face, with aquiline, or rather Grecian nose, soft but firm mouth, full chin, expressive eyes under high arched eyebrows — the whole countenance

bearing an impress of combined dignity and sweetness. This impression is fully corroborated by poets and annalists of the time. The gallant and spiritual Brantôme thus describes her :—"Clad *à la sauvage*, in the barbaric dress of the wild people of her country, even then she appeared a goddess in a mortal body. And, the more to set the world on fire (*pour embraser le monde*), she had the perfection of a most sweet and beautiful voice, and sang well, according her voice to the lute, which she touched spiritedly with those beautifully-shaped fingers, which were in no wise inferior to those of Aurora." Nor were her mental accomplishments inferior to her personal charms, for the gay writer thus proceeds :—"At the age of fourteen she sustained a thesis publicly in the hall of the Louvre, and in Latin, maintaining that it was becoming in women to acquire learning (think what a rare and admirable thing this was !) and was more eloquent than if even France had been the country of her birth."

M. Dargaud, in his excellent "Histoire de Marie Stuart," thus describes Mary's personal appearance at the age of nineteen :—

"Her form was tall, flexible, animated, easy in every movement. Her forehead was high and rounded, giving her an air of lofty dignity, combined with intelligence and courage; her ears were small; she had the aristocratic aquiline nose of the Guises, and her beautiful cheeks, in their mingled red and white, gave evidence of the mixed blood of Lorraine and Scotland; her eyelashes were long, over-shadowing brown eyes of a humid but passionate transparency, softened by finely traced and arched eyebrows; her smile was brilliant as a sunbeam; her hair was fair, and often worn without ornament; her face was oval, and her features mobile—passing suddenly from an expression of severity to one of enjoyment. The Graces dwelt there, and also resolute and deep passions; her voice was sweet and penetrating; her conversation full of vigor and imagination. Even in Scotch tartan," adds our au-

thor, with pardonable (or unpardonable) nationality, "she was charming, but when dressed in the French, Spanish, or Italian fashion, she was adorable!"

We shall only add one more panegyric, and from the pen of an English author—Carte—in whose History of England we find the following portrait of Mary in her later years, during her captivity :—

"Every part of her body was so justly proportioned, and so exquisitely framed, that people, lost in admiration of each, were apt to imagine she was something more than human; a majestic air, mixed with sweetness, sate upon her brow, and all the graces in nature conspired to set off her person, adding to her matchless beauty a charm that was irresistible. Every motion, gesture, and action, accompanied with a manner too delicate to be described, struck all beholders, and every one was won by the sweetness of her nature, the affability of her reception, the obligingness of her carriage, and the charms of her conversation."

In the year 1817, Mr. Pailou, an ingenious and able artist, was employed by Mr. George Chalmers to compose a portrait of Mary, and after much research, in which he was aided by the most eminent antiquarians of the time, produced a picture which may reasonably be taken as an artistic embodiment of the features of the fair Queen. This portrait is engraved in Mr. Chalmers' "Life of Mary," and also in Miss Strickland's "Letters of Queen Mary."

In Mezeray's "Histoire de France," ed. 1685, there is also a portrait, in which the fine features can be dimly detected, though badly brought out. Underneath are the following lines:—

"L'aveugle passion d'une Reine puissante
Fit passer celle-ci du Trône à l'Echafaud;
La Coupable icy bas condamna l'Innocente,
Et ne pût éviter la Iustice d'enhaut."

"Through the blind passion of a powerful Queen,
This Queen, alas! from throne to scaffold passed;
Though here the innocent condemned hath been,
The guilty will receive her doom at last."

Mary's Reception in Edinburgh. P. 30

In the "Diurnal of Remarkable Occurrents in Scotland," published by the Maitland Club in 1833, we find a full account of the young Queen's reception in Edinburgh, from which we extract what follows:

"When she had dined, at twelve hours her hieness cam furth of the castle, at whilk departing the artillery shot vehemently. Thereafter when she was ridand down the Castle-Hill, there met her hieness ane convoy of young men of the burgh, to the number of fifty or thereby, their thies covered with yellow taffetas, their arms and legs frae the knee down bare, coloured with black, after the manner of Moors; upon their heads black hats, and on their faces black visors; in their mouths rings garnished with untellable precious stanes; about their necks, legs, and arms, infinite of chains of gold; together with saxteen of the maist honest men of the town, clad in velvet gowns and velvet bon

nets, bearand gangand about the pall under whilk her hieness rade; whilk pall was of fine purpour velvet, lined with red taffetas, fringed with gold and silk. After them was ane cart full of bairnes, together with ane coffer, wherein was the cover and propine which should be propined to her hieness. When her grace cam forward to the Butter Tron, the nobility and convoy precedand, there was ane port made of timber in maist honourable manner, coloured with fine colours, hung with sundry arms; upon whilk port was singand certain bairns in the maist heavenly wise; under the whilk port there was ane cloud opening with four leaves, in the whilk was put ane bonnie bairn. When the Queen's hieness was coming thro the said port, the cloud openit, and the bairn descendit down as it had been ane angel, and deliverit to her hieness the keys of the town, together with ane Bible and ane Psalm-buik, coverit with fine purpour velvet. After the said bairn had spoken some small speeches, he deliverit also to her hieness three writings

the tenor whereof is uncertain. That being done, the bairn ascendit in the cloud, and the said cloud steekit. This being done, our lady came to the Salt Tron, where there was some speakers; and after ane little speech, they burnt upon the scaffat made at the said Tron, the manner of ane sacrifice. She then departed to the Nether Bow, where there was ane other scaffat made, having ane dragon in the same, with some speeches; and after the dragon was burnt, and the Queen's grace had heard ane psalm sung, her hieness passed to the abbey of Holyrood-house, with the said convoy and nobilities. There the bairns whilk was in the cart with the propine made some speech concerning the putting away of the mass, and thereafter sung ane psalm. And this being done, the honest men remained in the outer chalmer, and desired her grace to receive the said cupboard, whilk was double over-gilt; the price whereof was 2000 merks; wha receivit the same, and thankit them thereof. And sae the honest men and convoy came to Edinburgh."

INTOLERANCE. Page 35.

Religious toleration, as it exists in our more favored age—that is to say, a full recognition of the rights of conscience, and of that right of private judgment in matters of faith which forms the very basis of Protestantism—was ill understood in the first years of the Reformation. Under the influence and guidance of an enthusiastic and sometimes over-zealous priesthood, and impelled by feelings of hatred towards that "Popish superstition" by which they had been so long enthralled, and from which they had been so recently emancipated, the Scottish Presbyterians and their leaders, the Lords of the Congregation, were prone to indulge in excesses against those who still clung to the traditionary faith. It is needless to multiply instances of the persecuting spirit thus engendered, provoked as it had lately been by the sanguinary proceedings of Queen Mary of England and of Cardinal Beaton in Scotland. It was one of those periods of transition during

which, as in the first French Revolution, the fiercer instincts of humanity seem for a time to overmaster all others; but, as in the French Revolution, the sacred cause of liberty was not answerable for the fanatical excesses of its votaries, neither are religion nor Protestantism responsible for the intolerance of Calvin or Knox, or their ambitious followers, which in itself was and is altogether indefensible.

An Act of Parliament was passed about the year 1560, by which the assembling together of people to hear mass was rendered penal, and the officiating priest subjected to severe punishment. Knox, in his History of the Reformation, gives several instances of the execution of this law on "Popish persons," among others the following, which we find thus condensed in Chambers' "Domestic Annals of Scotland:"

"The communion was administered in Edinburgh (in the year 1565), and as it was near Easter, the few remaining Catholics met at mass. The Reformed clergy were on the alert, and seized the priest, Sir James Carvet, as he was coming from the house

where he had officiated. They 'conveyed him, together with the master of the house, and one or two more of the assistants, to the Tolbooth, and immediately revested him with all his garments upon him, and so carried him to the market-cross, where they set him on high, binding the chalice in his hand, and himself tied fast to the said cross, where he tarried the space of one hour, during which time the boys served him with his Easter eggs. The next day Carvet, with his assistants, were accused and convicted by an assize, according to the Act of Parliament; and *albeit for the same offence he deserved death*, yet for all punishment he was set upon the market-cross for the space of three or four hours, the hangman standing by and keeping him, the boys and others were busy with egg-casting.' The Queen sent an angry letter to the Magistrates about this business from which 'may be perceived how grievously the Queen's Majesty would have been offended if the mess-monger had been handled according to his demerit.'"

The Catholics, now in a small minority, could only retaliate by scoffing at the "new faith," and its apostles; and Knox himself came in for a large share of ribaldry. On the occasion of his second marriage with Margaret Stuart, daughter of Lord Ochiltree, who proved a good wife to him in his old age, he being then fifty-eight, his popish enemies pretended that he had fascinated her by "glamour." Nicol Burne, an inveterate enemy of the reformer, thus writes:—"A little after he did pursue to have alliance with the honorable house of Ochiltree of the King's majesty's awn bluid. Riding there with ane great court on ane trim gilding, nocht like ane prophet or ane auld decrepit priest, but like as he had been ane of the royall bluid, with his bands of taffeta fastenit with golden rings and precious stanes; and as is plainly reported in the country, by sorcery and witchcraft did sae allure that puir gentlewoman that she could not live without him, whilk appears to be of great probabilitie, she being ane damsel of noble bluid, and

he ane auld creature of base degree, sae that sic a noble house could not degenerate sae far, except John Knox had interposed the power of his maister, wha, as he transfigures himself into an angel of licht, sae he causit John Knox appear ane of the maist able and lusty men that could be found in the warld!"

PHILOSOPHY OF THE REFORMATION. P. 53.

The following is the view taken by M. Philarète Chasles, the eminent Professor of the College of France, on the nature and bearings of the great Reformation in Germany and in Scotland. We quote his eloquent "Etude sur Marie Stuart."

"The Reformation was an evangelical insurrection against traditional power and authority; Teutonic independence in arms against the half Arabian pomps of Spain, the voluptuousness of Italy, the joyous philosophism of France. The North and Protestantism made choice of the simple virtues,

domestic and fireside affection, severity of morals, personal and heartfelt worship, as opposed to the South, with its traditional rites and popular sacrifices. In this extraordinary march of the North against the South, of examination in opposition to blind faith, of analysis against synthesis, of judgment against authority, of individuality against generality, of criticism against tradition—a march which still goes on unceasingly—Scotland played a terrible part in the sixteenth century, for in that country the evangelical North assumed its wildest aspect.

"At the head of the European Catholic cohort were the Guises, supported by the Pope and Philip II. of Spain. The Protestant party had no single leader, but many separate guides and representatives, such as Calvin, Zuingle, and Knox. Knox, the Mirabeau of religious reform in Scotland, a thorough revolutionist, fiercer than Calvin, more indomitable than Luther, with a hardy and crushing eloquence, and a perseverance that nothing could daunt, threw himself into the

struggle for the North and Calvinism against the Southern Catholicism and the Guises. Hitherto this pointed antagonism has not been sufficiently remarked, but is demonstrated by a glance at the principal personages in their true order; on the one side the Guises, the Pope, Philip II., Marie de Lorraine, her daughter Mary Stuart; on the other, Calvin, Knox; behind them the middle class and the populace; farther off the lords, greedy to take advantage of events, and to throw their swords into the winning scale; finally, Elizabeth of England, doubtful of the Catholics, detesting the Guises, distrusting the Calvinists, and favoring civil war in a kingdom she hoped to ruin or conquer. Mary stands out boldly from these groups as the very incarnation of the South, armed with all its charms and fascinations, opposing to the encroachments of the North and its cruel severities the most ineffective but most dramatic of struggles—bringing into the contest love, beauty, the arts, eloquence, emotion, violent instincts, graceful

manners, the gift of ready tears, the improvisation of passion. In the fearful shock of these two—the genius of the North and the genius of the South—the one was represented by Knox, that man of ice; the other by Mary, the daughter of Lorraine, who blenches not, nor yields even a single dogma, opinion, or enjoyment."

Enmity between Elizabeth and Mary. Page 54.

The jealousy and ill-feeling between the Queens of England and Scotland, which caused so much misery afterwards, and which finally incited Elizabeth to the commission of a crime, the odium of which she treacherously, but vainly, attempted to transfer to the tools of her will, seem to have actuated the English Queen at an early period of Mary's life. When the widowed Queen of Francis II. desired to return to her own country, she asked permission of Elizabeth to pass through England, but was ungraciously refused unless she would previous-

ly, and without due consultation, sign what was called the "Treaty of Edinburgh." In a rare and exceedingly interesting book (to be found in the British Museum), entitled, "Annales: The True and Royall History of the famous Empress Elizabeth, Queen of England, France, and Ireland, &c., True Defenderesse, of Divine Renowne: London, 1625," we have a full account of Mary's interview with Elizabeth's emissary, Throckmorton, on this occasion, from which we extract the following, affording evidence of great talent and firmness on the part of the young Queen.

"In the mean time, the Queene of Scotland, who thought to retyre herselfe into her kingdome, having sent before Doysell, a Frenchman, intreating Elizabeth to give her Highnesse leaue to passe by sea and to Scotland through England vnder the common faith, Elizabeth vtterly denyed her in presence of a whole multitude of her assistants, alledging, for excuse, that shee had not yet ratified the Treaty of Edenborrough as shee had

promised to doe, and assured her that, in case shee should performe all that shee might expect from a queen, being her cousin and neighbour, shee might freely passe either by sea or land into Scotland. The Queene of Scots, extremely stomaking this refusall, called for Throgmorton (Elizabeth's envoy), and entertained a great deal of discourse with him about this occasion, which I will briefly here insert according to the contents of Throgmorton's letters collected by mee, to the end that the originall and degrees of the secret grudges and hatred betweene two of the prudentest and most puissant princesses of our age might more evidently and clearely appeare. Shee being then withdrawne a little aside, and there being no more but herselfe and Throgmorton, she spake in this manner vnto him:— . . . 'Nothing vexeth mee so much as to haue entreated her for that I could well haue been without; and as I am come hither against her will, and notwithstanding the hindrance by her brother Edward, I shall also well be able, God willing

to returne into my countrey without asking her leaue. And I want not friends, nor friends that are willing and powerfull, to bring me backe thither, as they were to bring me hither. But I chose rather to try her friendship than any others. I haue often hearde you say that it was necessary to our two kingdoms to intertaine amity the one with the other; and neverthelesse, it seems that shee hath another meaning, otherwise shee would not have refused me so small a courtesie. But peradventure she loues these Scots better which are rebels to me, who am Queene of Scotland, of equal maiestie to her, her neere kinswoman, and the most certain heire. Does shee think that I will be forsaken of my friends? Truely shee hath brought mee to that passe that I haue reclaymed the ayde of those whilk otherwise I would not have imployed, and I cannot maruell enough by what counsell shee hath heretofore assisted my subjects against mee, and now that I am a widdow, am hindered from returning to my own countrey. She

reproches mee with my small experience. I confesse age brings that; yet neverthelesse I haue so much as to know how to carry my selfe lovingly and iustly with my friends. I doe not cast at randome any word against her which may be unworthy of a queene and a kinswoman, and by her permission I darsay that I am a queene as well as shee, and want no friends more than shee doth, and can carry my courage as high as shee knowes how to doe, insomuch as it is fitting for us to measure our selves with some equality. But I have comparisons which cannot be without debate and hatred. . . . She often objects unto mee, as to my shame, that I am young: and truely shee might rightly say it, both very young and very ill-advised, if I would treate of a businesse of that importance without the consent of my State. I have rendered to her all the duties of friendship, but she either beleeues them not or despiseth them I would to God that I were as deare to her as I am neere to her, for that would be a precious kinde of proximitie.'"

THE SILVER CASKET. Pages 83, 117.

M. Dargaud, whose interesting work is so frequently and deservedly alluded to in the text, gives his decision on this vexed question in the following *ex cathedra* manner:

"Ces lettres, du reste, etaient authentiques. Ce serait perdre son temps que de chercher ici à le prouver." "These letters are authentic, and it would be only loss of time to seek to prove it here."

The only justification given for this hasty statement, is the inference that Norfolk believed it, when he replied to Elizabeth's taunt in the words given in page 118, and that James VI. believed it, because he attempted to suppress the publication of documents accusing his mother of the crime.

It is to be feared, however, that M. Dargaud has not sufficiently studied this grave subject, otherwise he would scarcely have ventured to settle, in this somewhat off-hand fashion, a point regarding which there has

been so much able and vehement controversy among eminent historians, the result of which we may now fairly aver to have been the utter rejection of the letters said to have been found in the casket, as authentic evidence of Mary's complicity in the murder of Darnley.

The reality and extent of Mary's participation in this dark transaction, must depend on far other evidence. Without attempting to go into the general question in corroboration of the views expressed in the text, it may not be out of place to present a brief summary of the famous "Silver Casket" case, availing ourselves for this purpose of the mass of evidence, illustration, and argument, which successive historians have so fully brought before us. No point in modern history has been more thoroughly sifted and investigated, and on an examination of the whole case *pro* and *con*, and of the accumulated data for forming a fair judgment thereon, we are led to the inevitable conclusion that, whatever other proofs there may be of Mary's moral guilt, no impartial jury of our day could pos-

sibly accept the evidence of the casket, or pronounce an adverse verdict on the Queen, founded on its alleged contents.

The facts of the case are these: Shortly after the Queen's flight to England, the Earl of Murray, instigated by motives of personal ambition or justification, and encouraged by Queen Elizabeth, presented himself, along with Morton, Lethington, Lindsay, and others —most of whom had been actually engaged in compassing the murder of Darnley—before a commission appointed by the English Queen at York, and afterwards at Westminster, and there preferred a charge against Mary of direct participation in the assassination of her husband. This charge was founded on certain letters, said to have been written by Mary to Bothwell, previous to Darnley's death, and were found in a silver-gilt casket, which had been taken by Morton's servants from George Dalgleish, one of Bothwell's retainers, after his flight from Edinburgh Castle. The casket itself had undoubtedly been Mary's, and was a present

from her first husband, Francis II., whose arms and initials it bore. The letters were of an amatory kind, one of them containing a promise to marry Bothwell, and were from seven to ten in number, including a long sonnet, supposed to have been also addressed to Bothwell, and of which some extracts are given in pages 95–6. These letters, if authentic, clearly implicated Mary in the assassination. The Earl of Murray, her brother, affirmed "on his honor," that the letters were in the Queen's handwriting, and Morton also testified, "on his honor," that the casket and its contents had been really seized as stated. Compared with other letters in the acknowledged handwriting of the Queen, they were found to be similar, and in some of them incidents were mentioned which were known to have occurred. Such was the whole case against Mary. Beyond the affirmation of these nobles—several of whom had been "act and part" with Bothwell in Darnley's murder, but none of whom *personally* testified to Mary's knowledge of the plot—no

other evidence whatever was given as to the facts stated.

To this Mary replied that she had written no such letters; that those produced were forgeries executed by Murray, Morton, and Lethington; that Morton's story was unsupported by any evidence whatever; that the mere similarity of writing was no proof, as she was ready to show that Lethington had often imitated her handwriting; that allusions to actual events could be very easily introduced, so as to give the appearance of authenticity to forgeries. She urgently insisted, moreover, on being allowed to see the letters, offering to prove them forgeries by internal evidence, but this was never granted either to Mary or to her agents, and after the cause was decided, they were handed back to Murray.

The simple circumstance that *there were neither superscription, address, name, date, nor seal on any one of these letters*, would be sufficient to condemn them at once in the eyes of any modern jury as receivable evi

dence. Hubert, who was said to have got these letters from the Queen, and delivered them to Bothwell, and Dalgleish, on whose person it was said to have been seized, who was said to have received the casket from Balfour, had both been hastily condemned and executed without leaving any evidence or testimony; two of these letters had the appearance of having been written to Darnley before marriage, and generally they seemed to have been garbled and interpolated, if not wholly forged; some of them might even be in Mary's handwriting, but so altered as to give them a character of criminality; they were mostly written in a low and vulgar style, extremely unlike Mary's usual elegant composition. As Miss Strickland truly remarks, in her able and sympathetic defence of Mary, "No one capable of appreciating the beautiful simplicity of her style, and the eloquence of her language, can deny that her genuine letters very far surpass those of the most accomplished contemporaries, not even excepting Bacon or Sir Philip Sidney."

But Mary did not confine herself to mere defence; she demanded the right of being heard before Elizabeth, and of inspecting the letters openly; accused Murray of traitorous falsehood, and of imputing to her a crime in which he had himself been implicated, and in which Morton and Lethington had been the active perpetrators, a fact no one can now doubt. Both of these reasonable demands were persistingly refused by the English Queen, and after a great deal of diplomatic intrigue, Elizabeth finally declared the proof of Mary's guilt insufficient, and Cecil, her minister, stated that "nothing had been shown that should induce the Queen of England to conceive an ill opinion of her good sister." Thus the case completely broke down, notwithstanding the efforts of Murray, and even the anxiety of Elizabeth to have her "good sister" condemned.

The principal historical authority quoted by those who believe in the contents of this famous casket is Buchanan, who is implicitly followed by Robertson, Hume, and others

But Buchanan was the friend and confident of Murray, and himself one of the commissioners who plead against Mary, and his evidence being not only that of a special pleader, but of a direct party in the case, ought not, in common justice, to be received, particularly as many of his statements have been proved by Chalmers to be utterly at variance with fact. The whole question was so ably and convincingly analyzed by the elder Tytler in his "Historical and Critical Enquiry," that Dr. Johnson, in reviewing that work, declared that "these letters could never more be attributed to Mary." In later times, Whitaker, Chalmers, besides many others, followed on the same side, and the first named of these writers thus forcibly sums up:—"These letters are proved to be forgeries by all the possible modes of trying them. The internal and external evidence of this is alike conclusive; their variations in substance, in form, and in words; the history of the whole conduct of Elizabeth's proceedings at the conferences concerning them;

their contradictions to facts; their repugnance to common sense; their inconsistency with all chronology; their violent opposition to themselves and to each other,—all show them to be forgeries, with an accumulative weight of testimony."

The opinion of one of our most eminent historians may appropriately close these remarks, distinguished as it is by impartiality and candor, and, at the same time, entirely corroborative of M. de Lamartine's view.

"I have already pointed out," says Mr. Fraser Tytler, "such moral evidence against the Queen as arose out of her conduct both before and after her marriage with Bothwell. The discussions at York and Westminster do not materially affect this evidence, and, so far as we can judge of these conferences, they leave the mind under the unsatisfying and painful impression that the conduct of the Scottish Queen was that of a person neither directly guilty nor yet wholly innocent. There can be little doubt that some letters addressed by Mary to Bothwell did

really fall into the hands of her enemies, but the Regent's refusal to produce the originals, and the state in which the copies have descended to our times, evidently garbled, altered, and interpolated, throws on him the utmost suspicion, and renders it impossible for any sincere inquirer after the truth to receive such evidence. If the only proofs of Mary's guilt had been these letters produced at Westminster, the task of her defenders would have been comparatively an easy one. It is the *moral evidence* arising out of her own conduct which weighs heaviest against her."

This celebrated casket, with its contents, was returned to Murray, as already stated, after the close of the conference of Westminster, from whom it seems to have passed into the hands of the Earl of Morton, for the last time it was seen was in the time of Charles II., in the possession of the Marquis of Douglas, the then representative of Morton's family. It is supposed to have been consumed, with the letters it contained, in the fire which destroyed Castle-Douglas,

with all its furniture and paintings, in the year 1758.

Mary's Unhappiness with Bothwell. Page 97.

De Croc's original letter is in the Bibliothèque Imperiale of Paris. It is dated 18th May, 1567, the very day after Mary's marriage with Bothwell; and begins by expressing any thing but confidence in the Bishop of Dunblane, to whom De Croc had confided former letters, then proceeding:—"Vos Majestes ne sauroient mieux faire que de lui faire mauvaise chère et trouver bien mauvais le mariage, car il est très malheureux, et desja on n'est pas à s'en repenter. Ieudi, Sa Majeste m'envoya quérir ou je m'apperceus d'une estrange façon entre elle et son Mary, ce que elle me voullut excuser, disant que si je la voyois triste, c'estoit pour ce qu'elle ne voulloit se rejouyr, comme elle dit ne la faire jamais, ne desirant que la mort.

"Hier estant renfermez tous deux dedans

un cabinet avec le Compte de Bodwell, elle cria tout hault que on luy baillast ung couteau pour se tuer. Ceulx qui estoient dedans la chambre qui precedoit le cabinet, l'entendirent. Ils pensent que si Dieu ne luy aid qu'elle se desespera. Je l'ay conseillé et comfortée de mieux que j'ay peu, ces trois fois que je l'ay veu.

"Son Mary ne la fera pas longue, car il est trop hay en ce royaume, et puis l'on ne cessera jamais que la mort de roy ne soyt seue.

"Il n'y a pas un seul Seigneur de nom, que le dit Compte de Bodwell, et le Compte de Craffort, les autres sont mandés et ne veuillent poin venir."

The first paragraph of the above is given in the text; the remainder runs thus:—"Yesterday, being shut up in a cabinet, together with the Earl of Bothwell, she cried out for a knife with which to kill herself. Those who were in the chamber next to the cabinet heard her. It is thought that if God help her not, she will fall into despair.

have consoled and comforted her as well I could these three times that I have seen her. Her husband will not go on thus long, for he is too much hated in this kingdom; and they cannot prevent the death of the king from being known.

"There is not a single Lord of note here, except the said Earl of Bothwell and the Earl of Crawford; the others are ordered away, and have no wish to return."

Queen Mary at Lochleven. Page 100.

Of the nature of the royal captive's occupation while in Lochleven Castle, the following curious letter will give some idea. It is published in Labanoff's "Recuil des Lettres de Marie Stuart," and though evidently not written by Mary's own hand—as she never succeeded in acquiring the vernacular dialect of Scotland—is plainly composed from her dictation, probably by one of her Scottish maidens.

"Robert Melwyne, ye sall nocht faill to

send with this berar to me, half elle of incarnat satin, and half elle of blew satin. Als caus Servais my conseirge send me mair twyned silk gif ther rests ony; and sewing quhyt satin, ane uther incarnat, ane uther of black satin, and the skirts with thame. Send ane skirt with the ryd doublat; als ane gowne of taffateis, als ye sall send the gowne and the other clais that i bad the Lady Lidintoun gar send me; and as ye sall nocht faill to send my madynis clais, for thai ar nakit, and marvells ye have nocht send thame, sin your departing fra me, togithyr with the camaraige and lynyne claithe, quhair of i gaif you ane memoriall; and gif the schone be nocht reddy maid, caus send them with some uther after. Als ye sall caus Servais send tua pair schettis, with tua unce of small blak sewing silk. Als ye sall caus him send me all the dry damis plowmis that he hes, togither with the peris he hes. This ye will nocht faill to do, as doubt nocht bot ye will; atour ye sall caus mak ane dozen of rasene nedillis and nowlis; and speir at Servais gif he hes ony

uther covering of beddis to me, nor grein and send me to put under the uther covering. I mervell ye forgat to send me silvir, conforme to promis. Committand yow to God. At Lochlewyn the iij of September, Marie R."

Mary's Daughter. Page 103.

The birth of a daughter at Lochleven seems to rest on rather slender evidence—the only direct statement of the fact being made by Le Laboureur in his additions to the "Memoires de Castelnau, Sieur de Mauvissière," in which he expressly says that Mary had by Bothwell "une fille, qui fut religieuse à N. Dame de Soissons;" the place or time of birth are not mentioned, but a child by Bothwell could only have been born at Lochleven in 1568. Le Laboureur bears a high character as a historian; he was almoner to the King of France, had access to many state secrets, was very favorable to Mary, and published a considerable collection of her letters.

Another circumstance seems to corrobor ate the statement. When Melvil was deputed to Lochleven for the purpose of pressing Mary to divorce Bothwell, she resolutely refused, saying, that "she would in no ways consent to that, but would rather die . . . . as by renouncing Bothwell, she would illegitimate her (expected) child, and forfeit her honor."—*Throgmorton to Elizabeth.*

It is remarkable that no contemporary writer alludes further to this matter. If the birth took place, it may easily be conceived, that with the concurrence of Lady Douglas, the infant may have been secretly conveyed to France. An inspection of the records of the nunnery at Soissons (if they exist) might throw light on this interesting point. But Mary actually consented to the divorce a year afterwards, which she probably never would have done, if she had a daughter alive in France, of whom Bothwell was the father. Nor did Mary ever, in any of her letters or documents, allude to this child, whose existence, besides, would have formed an impor-

ant element of intrigue in the hands of the Catholic party, and of the enemies of Elizabeth and James in England.

Another tradition is, that Mary gave birth to a son shortly after her escape from Lochleven, of whom George Douglas was the father. Wodrow relates this on the authority of "old Patrick Simson," adding, that this son was the father of Robert Douglas, a well-known Presbyterian preacher in the reign of Charles I. Bishop Burnet, who knew this person, says he "was not ill-pleased to have the story pass." This, however, has been demonstrated to be a complete and libellous fabrication, though the minister was, it appears, really descended from the Queen's liberator.

THE ESCAPE FROM LOCHLEVEN. Page 105.

The following remarkable account of Queen Mary's escape from Lochleven is given by Petrucci, ambassador of the Grand Duke Cosmo de Medici at the Court of France, the

particulars having been communicated to him by John Beaton, brother of the Archbishop of Glasgow, one of the "cavaliers" who assisted in the escape. The original is in the secret archives of the House of Medici at Florence, where it was discovered by Prince Labanoff, who gives it in the original Italian, of which a translation is now offered. The letter bears the date 21st May, 1568, and is headed, "*Modo che la Regina di Scotia ha usato per liberarsi dalla Prigione.*"

"Having communicated with the Queen of Scots by means of a servant of the house, Lord Seton, a most trusty Catholic, and right valiant gentleman, went, on the day appointed, with fifty cavaliers to the neighborhood of Lochleven, where the Queen was kept captive, remaining with forty of them in the mountain near the lake (in order not to be discovered by those in the castle), the other ten entering a village on its banks, and pretending to be there by chance, while one of them advanced to the shore, and lying down so as not to be seen, waited till the Queen

should appear, according to the arrangement. At the gate of the Castle there were guards day and night, who took care that the said gate should be kept locked with a key, which was placed on a table at which the castellan took his meals and before his eyes. This castellan was the uterine brother of the Earl of Murray, Regent of Scotland, natural brother of the Queen, and her mortal enemy.

"The Queen, after having tried to escape by a window, but without success, so contrived that a page of the castellan, disposed for that office, when carrying, on the 2d of May, a dish to his master covered with a napkin, dropt the said napkin over the key, which he thus took up and carried away without any one observing; he then immediately told the Queen, who quickly donning the dress of the taller of her two attendants, left ready for the purpose, and, taking the hand of the lesser, a little girl of ten years, she accompanied the page directly to the gate opened it, and went out with him and the

girl, locking it outside, so that no one could open it from within. She then entered a little boat, kept for the service of the castle, waving her white veil, fringed with red, and thus giving the concerted signal to those who awaited her, upon which, he who had been lying on the shore, started up, and by another signal informed the cavaliers in the village, (among whom was he who has come hither to give an account of these things to his Majesty, and who is brother to the Scottish Ambassador here). They who were in the mountain being also quickly informed, immediately arrived at the lake, and the Queen, who had rowed to the shore with the page as well as she could, had arrived there by the grace of God, mounted with infinite joy on horseback, with the page and the girl, and galloped to the sea-coast, five miles off, as, by remaining on land, they would have run manifest danger. Having all embarked together, they conducted her to Niddry, belonging to Lord Seyton, and thence to Ham Ilton, a castle of the Duke of Chatelherault

(*Sciatelero,*) where the Archbishop of St. Andrews, his brother, and the chiefs of her party, welcomed and acclaimed her as Queen. Hamilton is a strongly-fortified place, about five leagues from Dumbarton (*Don Bertran*), which is a very strong castle, but the Queen did not retire there, feeling safe at Hamilton, which commands all that country.

"The whole kingdom is in commotion, some for the Queen, some against her, and with the Earl of Murray. She has sent this gentleman (John Beaton) to ask a thousand musketeers of his Majesty; but for the recovery of Edinburgh, and other fortresses occupied by the rebels, she will have need of all further help, and has written a letter to the Cardinal of Lorraine, which would move the hardest heart to compassion for her; in the first lines of which, she asks pardon of God and the world for the past errors of her youth, acknowledging that her liberation is due to the Divine Majesty alone, and giving humble thanks that so much courage has been granted to her in her afflictions; ex

pressing her firm determination to live and die a Catholic, now more than ever."

It will thus be seen that the Queen's escape was accomplished by even a more ingenious *tour de jongleur* than Roland Græme's with the false keys, in Sir Walter Scott's admirable novel "The Abbot."

Murray's Character. Page 120.

It is impossible to excuse the ill-concealed satisfaction of the dethroned Queen when she heard of the death of her brother Murray. But it is not surprising that a woman possessing so passionate and vengeful a nature, and still suffering all the evils of an imprisonment into which he had driven her, should have regarded him with bitter and implacable resentment. She was aware that Murray had taken a part in what Morton afterwards called, with grim humor, "the slaughter of Davie," namely, the murder of Rizzio. Two years only had elapsed since he had done all in his power to deprive her of life

and character, by endeavoring to prove her guilty before all Europe of having conspired with Bothwell to assassinate her husband, combining for that purpose with those very men whom he must have known to have been themselves chief actors in that dark drama. Though in the earlier part of her reign Murray had rendered her invaluable services, he had of late years become her worst and most dangerous foe, and had acted towards her with a duplicity and rancor which, in her eyes, nothing could excuse or palliate. Murray was one of the most eminent and useful promoters of the great movement of the Reformation, but personal ambition, and what he no doubt regarded as the exigencies of the time, had impelled him to the commission of acts against his sister's life and fortunes for which impartial history will ever condemn him.

Although in the text, as in many historical works, the usual but conventional spelling of this name is adopted, *Murray* is the right appellation. The Queen's brother was called

"Lord James Stuart," till created Earl of Mar, a title belonging to his mother's family, in 1561, which he relinquished for that of Earl of Moray in the following year; from the county of Moray or Elgin—pronounced in ordinary language as "Murray,"—which, however, is the name of several totally different Scottish families of equally ancient and noble descent.

Letter to Elizabeth. Page 126.

This letter was found among Burleigh's papers, and may have been intercepted by that minister. If Elizabeth received it, she must have been irritated to the last degree against the writer, as perhaps nothing so insulting was ever written by one woman to another. The following extracts from the original letter in French will serve to show its extraordinary "feminine malice."

After protesting that she writes "with regret that such things are put in question, but very sincerely and without any passion, that

the Countess of Shrewsbury has told me what follows, to most of which I replied, reproving her for believing or speaking so licentiously of you, which I believed not, neither believe I now," Mary goes on to relate a number of love adventures of Elizabeth of the most disgraceful kind, in which Hatton, Simier, Oxford, and others were said to be the Lotharios. The letter then proceeds:—

"Elle me conseilloit, en riant extremement, mettre mon filz sur les rancs pour vous faire l'amour, comme chose qui me serviroit grandement et metroit monsieur le Duc [the Duke d'Anjou] hors de quartier; et lui repliquant que cela deroit pris pour une vraie moquerie elle me respondit que vous etiez si vayne et en si bonne opinion de vostre beauté comme se vous estiez quelque déesse du ciel; qu'elle prendroit sur la teste de le vous fayre croire facilement et entretiendroit mon filz en cette humeur; que vous preniez si grand plesir en flateries hors de toute rayson que l'on vous disoit, comme de dire, q'on ne vous osoit re-

garder par foys a plain, d'aultant que votre face luysoit comme le soleill; qu'elle et toutes les aultres dames de la cour estoient contreintes d'user, il n'osoient s'entreregarder l'une et l'aultre de peur de s'eclater de rire des cassades qu'elle vous donnoit: disait qu'elle ne vouldroit pour chose du monde estre en vostre service, daultant quelle auroit peur que quand seriez en cholere ne lui fissies comme a sa cousin Skedmur a qui vous aviez rompu un doiht faciant croire que cestoit un chandelier qui estoit tombe dessubz; et qu'a un aultre vos servant a talle auviez donne un grand coup de cousteau sur la mayn: Croyez que vous estiez jouee et contrefaicte par elles comme en commedie entre mes fammes mesmes, ce qu'appercevant, je vous jure que je deffendis a mes fammes de ne ce plus mesler. . . . . Que vous mourriez bientost, se'en rejouissant sur une vayne imagination de Jon Lenton, et d'un vieulx liuvre qui prediroit vostre mort par violence et la succession d'une aultre royne quelle interpretoit estre moy, regretant seullement que par le dit

liuvre il estoit predit que la royne qui vous deubroit succeder ne regneroit que trois ans, et mouroit comme vous par violance, ce qui estoit representé mesme en peinture dans le dit liuvre, auquel il y avoyt un dernier feuillet, le contenu duquel elle ne ma jamais voulou dire."—*Murdin's State Papers.*

"She advised me, laughing extremely, to put my son in the ranks of your lovers, as a thing that would serve me greatly, and would put the Duke out; replying to her that such a thing would be taken for mere mockery; she answered that you were as vain, and filled with as good opinion of your beauty, as if you were a goddess from heaven; that she would take it upon herself to make you believe it easily, and to entertain my son in this humor; that you took such great pleasure in flattery beyond all reason, that they told you that sometimes no one dared to look upon your face, because it dazzled like the sun; that she and the other ladies of the court were constrained to use such lies in

speaking to you, that they dared not look at each other for fear of bursting into laughter. She said, moreover, that she would not for any thing in the world be in your service, so great fear had she, that when you were in a rage, you might do to her as you had done to her cousin Skidmur, whose finger you had broken, making believe that a candlestick had fallen on it; and then to another of your servants, you had given a blow with a knife on the hand. Believe me, you were deceived and mocked by them as in a comedy, and even among my own women, which perceiving, I swear to you that I forbade them to interfere . . . . That you would soon die, rejoicing at a vain imagination of John Lenton, and of an old book which predicted your death by violence, and the succession of another queen, whom she interpreted to be myself, regretting only, that by the said book, it was predicted that the queen who was to succeed you would only reign three years, and would die like you by violence, all which was also represented in a picture

in the said book, in which there was another leaf, the contents of which she would never tell me."

There is no doubt that the imputations against the character of Elizabeth contained in this letter were current at the time, as they are still preserved in some of the private memoirs and "scandalous chronicles" of the age; nor can we doubt that her known preference for Leicester, Hatton, Essex, and Seymour, gave an air of probability to these rumors. Her self-conceit as to personal beauty is proverbial, and there can be no question about her passionate temper; she frequently beat her maids of honor, and on one occasion gave Essex a box on the ear before the Privy Council, a reproof which must have astonished that gallant general. "The reader may perhaps wonder," says a writer of the beginning of last century, "that there should be any room for a secret history in her reign, since the honor and interest of England, and the good of her people, was the

great design she aimed at; but in answer to this, the reader ought to consider, that as even *Silver Cynthia* herself, the Queen of Heaven, against which the dogs so often bark in vain, is not without her spots; so neither was this virtuous Princess so free from those imperfections which are the constant concomitants of corrupted nature, as to be exempted from all blemishes; for, as 'tis scarcely to be expected but that the liquor should have some relish of the cask which contained it, so neither ought we to think it strange that in a reign of four and forty years, Elizabeth should not show herself the daughter of Henry VIII., from whom she was descended."—*Secret History of the Kings and Queens of England*, 1702.

The Babington Plot. Page 135.

The nature and degree of Mary's knowledge and participation in this conspiracy is another of those mysterious questions which form the debatable land of modern history.

It may not be out of place to give a very brief view of the case in corroboration of the text.

It will be conceded on the one hand that Mary had a perfect right to conspire against Elizabeth for her own escape from a barbarous and life-long captivity; and on the other, that the charge of being accessory to a plot for taking the life of her persecutor was not altogether an improbable one. The Italian policy of that age unhappily regarded private murder as a justifiable means of getting rid of dangerous enemies, though such a principle was never openly advocated. It was left for our own time and for Italian fanatics of the nineteenth century boldly to advocate assassination, though, if directed against themselves, they would probably be the first to denounce its atrocity.

The question before us is, whether Mary gave her consent or approbation to Babington's scheme for murdering Elizabeth, for that she knew of the plot, as regarded her own escape, there is no doubt. The charges

against Mary were two, 1st. The invasion of the realm; 2d. The death of the queen. The first she did not deny; the second she repelled with the most solemn protestations. Her own words were these:—"I do not deny that I have longed for liberty, and earnestly labored to procure it. Nature impelled me to do so; but I call God to witness that I have never conspired the death of the Queen of England, or consented to it."

The sole proof in support of the second charge was the production of *copies* of letters between her and Babington. The original letter, alluded to in the text, was declared to have been written in cipher by Mary's secretary, Curle, at her dictation, and by him given to the spy Phellips, who in his turn handed it to Walsingham—retaining it between them for ten days before delivery to Babington. A copy, stated to be a transcript of this letter by Phellips, was produced; the original never. Throughout the trial Walsingham produced no one original document in support of the charge;

neither would he consent to produce Nau or Curle, or even his base tool Phellips. Mary solemnly and energetically denied having written the letter in question, and prayed earnestly for a sight of the original, begging also to be confronted with Nau and Curle—but all was refused. Extorted confessions, signed by the secretaries, were shown, not the originals, but again copies—though Nau declared afterwards, at Westminster, with the most energetic asseverations, that Mary was perfectly innocent of the capital charge. But the unfortunate victim had been pre-doomed. The *real* conspiracy for assas sination had been, that of the English queen and her ministers against Mary. Walsingham, although one of the greatest, was also one of the most unscrupulous of statesmen. He had already counselled Mary's private murder in his letters, now extant, and had found in Phellips a fit instrument for carrying out his determination to destroy her. Phellips, by his own confession, forged a postscript to one of the letters in cipher (now

in the State Paper Office), connecting her in the most direct manner with the six conspirators; but the scheme seems to have been changed; this letter was never alluded to; and the "six gentlemen" were probably introduced by the same agency into the alleged copy of letter produced at the trial. It seems almost conclusive, that notwithstanding the strictest search by Mary's enemies, directed by all Walsingham's skill, not a scrap of her own handwriting could ever be found to connect her with the murderous intention. Were any further proof of innocence wanting, we would appeal to Mary's solemn and eloquent prayer at the supreme hour of death, which is thus given by an onlooker in his report of the tragic event to the Court of France. We translate from the old French in which it is written:—

"Let me, O my God, once more, without offence to thee, and for my justification, declare in few words to all those in presence of whom I render thee up my spirit, to the rest of this kingdom, and to all Christendom, pro-

testing as I do, that I have never consented, wished to conspire, or in any other way given counsel or aid in all the conspiracies for death—for which I am here so falsely accused and so inhumanly treated." Acknowledging that she had sought to procure her own liberty by every means in her power, "without nevertheless," she adds, "offending the Divine Majesty, or the state of this kingdom; and if I have had any other intention in this place, I pray that my soul may be perpetually deprived of participation in thy mercy and grace, and of the fruit it hopes to attain through the death and passion of thy dear Son."

Conduct of the Judges at Fotheringay. Page 136.

"It is impossible to read without admiration, in the minute records of the trial, the self-possessed, prompt, clear, and sagacious replies and remarks, by which this forlorn

woman defended herself against the most expert lawyers and politicians of the age; who, instead of examining her as judges, pressed her with the unscrupulous ingenuity of enemies. Their spirit may be collected from the fact that Burleigh, one of her judges, published at the very moment 'a note of the indignities and wrongs done and offered by the Queen of Scots to the Queen's Majesty,' beginning with her assumption of the royal arms of England, when she was the wife of the Dauphin, son of Henry II., and ending with Babington's conspiracy. No pettifogging advocate could employ falsehood and sophistry with more license, than this statesman, acting in the sacred character of a judge"—*Sir James Mackintosh's Hist. of* vol. iii.

[Intercession of James VI. for his Mother's Life. Page 138.

We here give the letter by James to Elizabeth, demanding that his mother's life

should be saved. The proceedings of the young king throughout this affair were marked by any thing but that boldness and sincerity which natural affection should have inspired: and even after the execution of Mary, his conduct was pusillanimous in the extreme, the mean fear of endangering his prospect of succeeding to the English crown being apparently sufficient to overcome all other emotions.

King James had sent William Keith, afterwards Master of Gray, who villanously betrayed his trust—not only consenting to Mary's death, but, as he himself afterwards avowed, counselling her secret assassination—and Sir Robert Melvil, to England, to prevent the execution, and wrote to Elizabeth on the 26th of January in these terms:—

"Madame and dearest Sister—If ye could have knowin quhat divers thochtis have agitatit my mynde since my directing of William Keith to you for the sollisting of this matter quheir to nature and honoure sc

greatly and unreynedly bindis and obleigis me; if, I say, ye knew the thing itself if so it shoulde proceed, as Godd forbidd, quhat eventis micht follow thairupon, quhat number of straites I sold be drivin unto, and, amongst the rest, hou it micht perrell my reputation amongst my subjectis, then dout I not but ye uold so far pittie my case as it uold easely mak you at the first to resolve youre ouin best into it. . . . . Quhat thing, Madame, can greatlier touche me in honoure, that both is a king and a soune, than that my nearest neighboure, being in straitest friendship with me, shall rigorouslie putt to death a free souveraigne prince and my naturall mother, alyke in estate and sexe to her that so uses her, albeit subject, I grant, to a harder fortune, and touching her nearlie in proximitie of bloode. Quhat law of God can permit that justice shall strikke upon thaime quhome he hes appointed supreame dispensatouris of the same under him quhome he hath called Goddis, and therefore subjected to the censure of none in earth;

quhose annointing by Godd cannot be defyled by man unrevenged by the authoure thairof. Quhat monstrous thing is it that souveraigne princes thaimselfis should be example-giueris of thaire ouen sacred diademon prophaining? Then quhat should moue you to this forme of proceiding (supposen the worst, quhich in good faithe I looke not for at youre handis) honoure or profeite? Honour uaire it to you to spaire. . . . Honoure uaire it to mak aine and all other princes in Europe eternally beholdin unto you in granting this my so reasonable request, and not (appardon, I pray you, my free speaking) to put princes to straittis of honoure quhaire through youre generall reputation and the universall (almost) mislyking of you may dangerouslie perril youre personne and estate. Ye know, Madame, well enouch how small difference Cicero concludes betwixt *utile* and *honestum*, and quich of thaime oucht to be framit to the other. . . . Respect, then, good sister, this my first so long continued and so earnest request, despatch

ing my embassadowris with such a comfortable ansuare as may become your persone to give, and as my honest heart unto your merits to ressaue. . . . I pray you not to tak me to be a cameleon, but by the contrair thaime to be malicious impostouris, as surely they are."—*Nicholes's Progresses, &c. of Queen Elizabeth.*

We may add the hypocritical letter which Elizabeth wrote to James soon after having put his mother to death:

"I would you knewe (though not felt) the extreme dolor that overwhelmes my minde for that miserable accident which (farre contrary to my meanings) hath befallen. I have now sent Sir Robert Carewe to instruct you truly of that which is too irksome for my penne to tell you. I beseeche you that, as God and many more know how innocent I am in this case, so you will beleeve mee, that if I had bid ought I would have bid by it. I am not so baseminded that feare of any living creature or prince should make mee afrayde to doe that were just, or done

to deny the same. I am not of so base a lineage, nor carry so vile a minde. . . . Thus assuring yourself of me, that as I knowe this was deserved, yet if I ment it I would never lay it upon other's shoulders, no more will I not damnifie myself that thought it not. The circumstances yt may please you to learn from this bearer, and, for my part, thinke you have not in the worlde a more lovinge kinswoman nor a more deere freende then myself."

THE QUEEN'S LITTLE DOG. Page 167.

An affecting incident, which may have moved even the iron heart of Elizabeth, is thus, for the first time, narrated (though often repeated since) in an account of Mary's last moments drawn up at Fotheringay, and forwarded to the English Court. It is preserved among the Lansdowne MSS., is endorsed in Lord Burleigh's hand, and entitled, "Reporte of the Manner of the Execution of the Scottish Queene."

"Then her dressing of lawne falling off from her head, it appeared as gray as one of threescore and ten years old, polled very shorte, her face being so much altered from the forme she had when she was alive, as few could remember her by her dead face. Her lippes stirred up and downe a quarter of an hower after her head was cut off. . . . Then one of the executioners espied her little dogg, which was crept under her clothes and which could not be gotten forth but by force, yet afterward wold not depart from the dead corpse, but came and lay betweene her head and her shoulders, which, being imbrued with her bloode, was caryed away and washed, as all thinges ells were."

Funeral of Mary.

The following is extracted from the volume we have already named, viz., "The True and Royall History of the famous Empress Elizabeth:"—

"Afterwards, her body, being imbalmed

and solemnly made ready, was, with princely funerals, interred in the Cathedrall Church of Peterborough. And in Paris were her obsequies, in most magnificent manner, also celebrated by the Guises, who neither in her life omitted any office of loue or kindred toward her, nor yet after her death, to their great laud and glory.

"Thus you have seen what was the lamentable end of the life of Mary Queen of Scots, daughter of Iames the Fift, King of Scotland, grand-childe of Henry the Seuenth, King of England, by his elder daughter, of 46 yeares of age, and the 18 yeare of her imprisonment. A woman most faithfull in her religion; of singular zeale and sanctimonie towards God; of invincible animositie and courage; in wisdome aboue her sexe; of surpassing beauty, and worthy to be recorded in the catalogue of those princes who, of happy and prosperous, became miserable and unfortunate.

"By her tomb was fixed, and soon after taken away, this following epitaph," which is given in Latin, and of which a translation

follows, premising that it was composed by Dr. Adam Blackwood, in whose works it is printed, as also in Jebb, vol. ii. :—

"Mary Queen of Scots, widow of a king of France, cousin and next heir to the Queen of England, endowed with royal virtues and a royal mind (the right of princes being oftentimes in vain implored), by barbarous and tyrannical cruelty, the ornament of our age and truly royal light, is extinguished. By the same unjust judgment, both Mary Queen of Scots and all surviving kings (now made common persons), may be brought under the pain of civil death. A strange and unusual monument this, wherein the living are included with the dead; for, with the sacred ashes of this blessed Mary, know that the majesty of all kings and princes lieth here violated and prostrate. And because royal secresy doth enough, and more, admonish kings of their duty, traveller, I say no more."

"This tablet," says Gunton, "continued not long, but was taken away and cast aside by whose hand or order I know not; yet the

royal ensigns of an helmet, sword, and scutcheon remained to the year 1643 hanging high over the place of her burial, yet did not their height secure them from the storms which then fell upon this church and monument."

"The solemnity of the funerall of Mary, late of Scotish Queene, and Dowager of France, celebrated in the Church of Peterborough anno domini 1587, Augusti primo," is detailed at length in the Harleian MSS., p. 1440. By this account it appears that all due royal honors were paid to the remains of the unfortunate queen; the cathedral was hung with black baize, with escutcheons emblazoned with the arms of Scotland, and a large attendance of lords and gentlemen witnessed the interment. The Bishop of Lincoln preached a funeral sermon, and in the prayer used these words:—"Let us *give thanks* for the happy dissolution of the high and mighty Princess Mary, late Queen of Scotland, of whose life and death I have not much to say, because I was not acquainted

with the one, neither was I present at the other. I will not enter into judgment further, but because it hath been signified unto me that she trusted to be saved by the blood of Christ, we must hope well for her salvation; for, as father Luther was wont to say, many one that liveth a Papist dieth a Protestant!"

In 1612 the body of the Queen was disinterred and conveyed to Westminster, where she now reposes under the fine monument erected by her son James. Requiescat in pace!

THE END.

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